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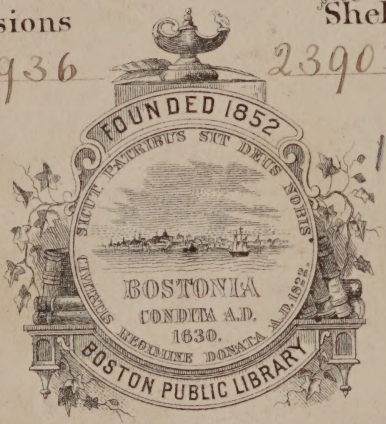

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No. 15.

50 SELECTIONS IN PROSE AND POETRY.

THE READING CLUB

EDITED BY

GEORGE M. BAKER.

LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers, BOSTON.

Plays for Amateur Theatricals.

BY GEORGE M. BAKER,

Author of "Amateur Dramas," "The Mimic Stage," "The Social Stage," "The Drawing Room Stage," "Handy Dramas," "The Exhibition Drama," "A Baker's Dozen," etc.

Titles in this Type are New Plays.

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THE

READING CLUB

AND

HANDY SPEAKER:

BEING

SERIOUS, HUMOROUS, PATHETIC, PATRIOTIC, AND DRAMATIC SELECTIONS IN PROSE AND POETRY,

FOR

READINGS AND RECITATIONS.

EDITED BY

GEORGE M. BAKER.

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BOSTON:
LEE AND SHEPARD, PUBLISHERS.
NEW YORK:
CHARLES T. DILLINGHAM

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THE READING-CLUB.

SUMMER STORM.[1]

UNTREMULOUS in the river clear,
Toward the sky's image, hangs the imaged bridge;
So still the air that I can hear
The slender clarion of the unseen midge;
Out of the stillness, with a gathering creep,
Like rising wind in leaves, which now decreases,
Now lulls, now swells, and all the while increases,
The huddling trample of a drove of sheep
Tilts the loose planks, and then as gradually ceases
In dust on the other side; life's emblem deep, —
A confused noise between two silences,
Finding at last in dust precarious peace.
On the wide marsh the purple-blossomed grasses
Soak up the sunshine; sleeps the brimming tide,
Save when the wedge-shaped wake in silence passes
Of some slow water-rat, whose sinuous glide
Wavers the long green sedge's shade from side to side.
But up the west, like a rock-shivered surge,
Climbs a great cloud edged with sun-whitened spray;
Huge whirls of foam boil toppling o'er its verge,
And falling still it seems, and yet it climbs alway.

Suddenly all the sky is hid
As with the shutting of a lid.
One by one great drops are falling
Doubtful and slow;
Down the pane they are crookedly crawling,
And the wind breathes low;
Slowly the circles widen on the river,
Widen and mingle, one and all;
Here and there the slenderer flowers shiver,
Struck by an icy rain-drop's fall.

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Now on the hills I hear the thunder mutter;
The wind is gathering in the west;
The upturned leaves first whiten and flutter,
Then droop to a fitful rest;
Up from the stream with sluggish flap
Struggles the gull, and floats away;
Nearer and nearer rolls the thunder-clap,—
We shall not see the sun go down to-day:
Now leaps the wind on the sleepy marsh,
And tramples the grass with terrified feet;
The startled river turns leaden and harsh.
You can hear the quick heart of the tempest beat.

Look! look! that livid flash!
And instantly follows the rattling thunder,
As if some cloud-crag split asunder,
Fell, splintering with a ruinous crash,
On the earth, which crouches in silence under;
And now a solid gray wall of rain
Shuts off the landscape, mile by mile;
For a breath's space I see the blue wood again,
And, ere the next heart-beat, the wind-hurled pile,
That seemed but now a league aloof,
Bursts crackling o'er the sun-parched roof;
Against the windows the storm comes dashing,
Through tattered foliage the hail tears crashing,
The blue lightning flashes,
The rapid hail clashes,
The white waves are tumbling,
And, in one baffled roar,
Like the toothless sea mumbling
A rock-bristled shore,
The thunder is rumbling
And crashing and crumbling—
Will silence return nevermore?

Hush! Still as death,
The tempest holds his breath
As from a sudden will;
The rain stops short, but from the eaves
You see it drop, and hear it from the leaves,
All is so bodingly still;

Again, now, now, again
Plashes the rain in heavy gouts,
The crinkled lightning
Seems ever brightening,
And loud and long
Again the thunder shouts
His battle-song.
One quivering flash,
One wildering crash,
Followed by silence dead and dull,
As if the cloud, let go,
Leapt bodily below
To whelm the earth in one mad overthrow,
And then a total lull.

Gone, gone, so soon!
No more my half-crazed fancy there
Can shape a giant in the air;
No more I see his streaming hair,
The writhing portent of his form: —
The pale and quiet moon
Makes her calm forehead bare,
And the last fragments of the storm,
Like shattered rigging from a fight at sea,
Silent and few, are drifting over me.

James Russell Lowell.

"YOU'VE FOUND HEAVEN FIRST, JANET."

She had lain all day in a stupor, breathing with heavily labored breath; but as the sun sank to rest in the far-off western sky, and the red glow on the wall of the room faded into dense shadows, she awoke, and called feebly to her aged partner, who was sitting motionless by the bedside. He bent over his dying wife, and took her wan, wrinkled hand in his.

"Is it night?" she asked in tremulous tones, looking at him with eyes that saw not.

"Yes," he answered softly. "It is growing dark."

"Where are the children?" she queried: "are they all in?"

Poor old man! how could he answer her? The children who had slept for long years in the old churchyard, — who had outlived childhood, and borne the heat and burden of the day, and, growing old, had laid down the cross and gone to wear the crown, before the old father and mother had finished their sojourn!

"The children are safe," answered the old man, tremulously: "don't think of them, Janet; think of yourself. Does the way seem dark?"

"My trust is in Thee; let me never be confounded. What does it matter if the way be dark?

'I'd rather walk with God in the dark than walk alone in the light:
I'd rather walk with him by faith than walk alone by sight.'

"John, where's little Charlie?" she asked. Her mind was again in the past. The grave-dust of twenty years had lain on Charlie's golden hair, but the mother had never forgotten him. The old man patted her cold hands, — hands that had labored so hard that they were seamed and wrinkled and calloused with years of toil, and the wedding-ring was worn to a mere thread of gold, — and then he pressed his thin lips to them, and cried. She had encouraged and strengthened him in every toil of life. Why, what a woman she had been! What a worker! What a leader in Israel! Always with the gift of prayer or service. They had stood at many a death-bed together, closed the eyes of loved ones, and then sat down with the Bible between them to read the promises. Now she was about to cross the dark river alone.

And it was strange and sad to the old man, and the yellow-haired granddaughter left them, to hear her babble of walks in the woods, of gathering May-flowers, and strolling with John, of petty household cares that she had always put down with a strong, resolute hand, of wedding-feasts and death-bed triumphs; and when at midnight she heard the Bridegroom's voice, and the old man, bending over her cried pitifully, and the young granddaughter kissed her pale brow, there was a solemn joy in her voice as she spoke the names of her children one by one, as if she saw them with immortal eyes, and with one glad smile put on immortality. They led the old man sobbing away; and when he saw her again the glad morning sun was shining, the air was jubilant with the song of birds, and she lay asleep on the couch

under the north window where he had seen her so often lie down to rest while waiting for the sabbath bell. And she wore the same best black silk, and the string of gold beads about her thin neck, and the folds of white tulle. Only now the brooch with his miniature was wanting, and in its place was a white rose and a spray of cedar: she had loved to sing over her work, —

> "Oh, may I in His courts be seen,
> Like a young cedar fresh and green!"

But what strange transformation was there! The wrinkles were gone. The traces of age and pain and weariness were all smoothed out; the face had grown strangely young, and a placid smile was laid on the pale lips. The old man was awed by this likeness to the bride of his youth. He kissed the unresponsive lips, and said softly, —

"You've found heaven first, Janet, but you'll come for me soon. It's our first parting in more than seventy years; but it won't be for long, — it won't be for long!"

And it was not. The winter snows have not fallen, and there is another grave. And to-day would have been their diamond wedding! We had planned much for it; and I wonder, I wonder — But no. Where they are, there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage.

IN THE CATACOMBS.

NEVER lived a Yankee yet,
But was ready to bet
On the U. S. A.
If you speak of Italy's sunny clime,
"Maine kin beat it every time!"
If you tell of Ætna's fount of fire,
You rouse his ire:
In an injured way
He'll probably say, —
"I don't think much of a smokin' hill.
We've got a moderate little rill
Kin make yer old volcaner still:
Pour old Niagary down the crater,
'N' I guess 'twill cool her fiery nater."

You have doubtless heard of those ancient lies
Manufactured for a prize:
The reputation of each rose higher,
As he proved himself the bigger liar.

Said an Englishman, "Only t'other day,
Sailing from Dover to Calais,
I saw a man without float or oar,
Swimming across from the English shore,
Manfully breasting the angry sea"—
"Friend," said the Yankee, "*that was me!*"

Mindful of all these thrice-told tales,
Whenever a Yankee to Europe sails,
The boys try every sort of plan
To rouse his astonishment, if they can.

Sam Brown was a fellow from way down East,
Who never was "staggered" in the least:
No tale of marvellous beast or bird
Could match the stories he had heard.
No curious place or wondrous view
"Was ekill to Podunk, I tell yu."

They showed him a room where a queen had slept:
"'Twa'n't up to the tavern daddy kept."
They showed him Lucerne; but he had drunk
From the beautiful Mollichunkamunk.
They took him at last to ancient Rome,
And inveigled him into a catacomb.

Here they plied him with draughts of wine
(Though he vowed old cider was twice as fine)
Till the fumes of Falernian filled his head,
And he slept as sound as the silent dead:
They removed a mummy to make him room,
And laid him at length in the rocky tomb.

They piled old skeletons round the stone,
Set a "dip" in a candlestick of bone,
And left him to slumber there alone;

Then watched from a distance the taper's gleam,
Waiting to jeer at his frightened scream,
When he should awake from his drunken dream.

After a time the Yankee woke,
But instantly saw through the flimsy joke;
So never a cry or shout he uttered,
But solemnly rose, and slowly muttered,
"I see how it is. It's the judgment day.
We've all been dead and stowed away;
All these stone furriners sleepin' yet,
An' I'm the fust one up, you bet!
Can't none o' you Romans start, I wonder?
United States is ahead, by thunder!"

H. H. Ballard.

INDIGNANT NELLIE.

"FWED, are you awake?" — "Yes, Nellie." — "Where's your head?"
"Under all de tovers; but I ain't a speck afwaid."
"Does you hear a noise dat isn't vewy nice?"
"Yes. I wouldn't wonder if it was a little mice."
"Oh! I don't like mices! Fweddie, do come out!
If you ain't afwaid of him, do see what he's about.
P'aps he's dot my dollie, bitin' off her nose,
Statchin' out her dear blue eyes, or tearin' off her clothes."

"No — I — dess he's on'y statchin' on de f'oor,
Or bitin' dess a 'ittle bit off of de toset-door.
Mamma wouldn't lite it if I s'ould det told.
P'aps he is a g'eat big wat, and vewy st'ong and old.
Ain't a bit afwaid of him, even if he is,
But I sometimes lite to lie all tovered up lite dis."

Poor faint-hearted Nellie, shivering with fear,
Stuffed a trembling finger into each pink-tinted ear.
But her aching mother-heart couldn't rest for dread:
In another moment she was sitting up in bed;
There, in that dark corner, the scratching still went on;
Her precious little dollie! perhaps her nose was gone

Already, and her lovely waxen finger-tips
Passing at this moment through that mouse's eager lips!
"Fweddie, do det up wiz me," plead the little maid.
"Boys, you say, is vewy b'ave, but dirls is always-'faid;
'Sides, when nursey went down-stairs, she took away my shoes;
So, you see, dat mice might wun wight ac'oss my toes."

"No, I tan't det up dess now," and the muffled tone
Made the little frightened soul feel more and more alone.
"Dot a dedful stomate, or — somesing vewy bad" —
"Humph!" said Nellie, "not a bit; on'y wiss you had!"
And, her courage fired by scorn, up she quickly rose,
Flung her pillow to the floor, and tossed aside the clothes.

Right across the moonlit floor ran her rosy feet
To the corner where her dollie, wrapped in slumbers sweet,
Had been hushed to rest at night on its mother's arm,
Then nestled in its downy bed, safe from every harm,
As that tender mother thought; for no anxious dread
Of a wicked rat's sharp teeth had entered her wee head.

There lay dollie, safe and sound. With a happy cry
Nellie caught her to her heart, and then — she knew not why —
Such a lump came in her throat, she could scarcely breathe,
And she flew right back again, as cold and pale as death;
Sprang into her soft white bed, drew the covers close,
Hiding e'en her cherry lips and saucy upturned nose.
Silently she snuggled down; not a word she said,
In her hot, indignant wrath, to cruel brother Fred.

Soon a half-reluctant voice whispered very low,
"Nell, dat was a p'ucky sing for a dirl to do.
Course I wasn't 'faid of him (mice often bite),
But I sinked if I dot up it wouldn't be quite wight,
'Cause when nursey went away, she said we must lie still.
Come now, Nellie, don't be mad, and p'aps next time I will."

But it was too late, and Nellie would not be appeased.
Closer to her injured breast her rescued doll she squeezed.
"Dess you're dettin' pious now; dess you're vewy dood;
Nursey wouldn't know youse'f. I s'ouldn't sink she would.
Humph! you ain't half a boy," said the little elf, —
"Let a woman do a sing you wouldn't do yourse'f."

Julia A. Mathews.

MOBILE BAY.

The sea upon the bar is smooth,
  Yet perilous the path
Where Gaines' and Morgan's bristling guns
  Belch forth their rebel wrath.
And, close beyond, their iron-clads
  Loom in the breaking day;
But Farragut is leading us,
  And we will clear the way.

Fast flew the shot, fierce shrieked the shell;
  Thundered our broadsides back;
It seemed the very fires of hell
  Were bursting o'er our track.
But steady onward pressed our ships,
  Careless of hurtling death,
Till the broad waters of the bay
  Gave us a space for breath.

One ship was lost. Our wooden-walls
  Defied the walls of stone,
And, proudly sailing by, gave back
  The greetings fiercely thrown;
But, 'neath a monitor, burst forth
  Flame from the treacherous wave:
In that fell flash, stanch ship and crew
  Sank to an ocean grave.

Our task is but begun. See where
  The rebel monsters ride,
In armor clad of matchless proof,
  Vauntful in untamed pride.
They long have been the rebel boast,
  Monarchs of all their kind;
Shot fly their adamantine sides,
  Their rush is like the wind.

Oh, helpless seem our oaken hulls,
  Powerless each well-tried gun:
The rebel in his pride believes
  The fight already won.

But gallant souls are panic-proof,
In God their hopeful trust;
Spirit is mightier than flesh,
Soul than its casing dust.

Again our Viking leads the way:
Glorious the sailor pride
With which our wooden-walls dash on
To perils all untried;
Whilst, confident in iron strength,
The rebel monsters leap,
To crush us 'neath their iron prows,
And whelm us in the deep.

Close quarters now; we cannot fend
The blows that on us rain:
Our only wish, our only thought,
To deal them back again.
Our muzzles touch their iron sides,
Our ports alive with flame;
Hurrah! our thunderbolts, close driven,
Crash through the armored frame!

We heed not though our comrades fall
Like leaves at winter's breath;
Drunk with the glorious battle-rage,
We lead the dance of death.
Berserkers all, we little reck
Whom Odin's choice may be;
The carnage only fires our hearts
Fiercer for victory.

We triumph! see, the traitor flag
Is doused, the white one flies;
The rebel admiral has struck;
Conquered the monster lies;
A second yields, whilst far away
The others wildly flee.
Hurrah! our wooden-walls have swept
The Cyclops from the sea.

Thanks be to God! for in his strength
We won the glorious fight:
May he receive our comrades brave
Who bade the world good-night!
And may our people oft recall,
Through many a happy day,
The men who fought with Farragut
In bloody Mobile Bay.

LANGLEY LANE.

In all the land, range up, range down,
Is there ever a place so pleasant and sweet
As Langley Lane in London town,
Just out of the bustle of square and street?
Little white cottages, all in a row,
Gardens where bachelor's-buttons grow,
Swallows' nests in roof and wall,
And up above the still blue sky
Where the woolly white clouds go sailing by,—
I seem to be able to see it all!

For now, in summer, I take my chair,
And sit outside in the sun, and hear
The distant murmur of street and square,
And the swallows and sparrows chirping near;
And Fanny, who lives just over the way,
Comes running many a time each day,
With her little hand's touch so warm and kind;
And I smile and talk, with the sun on my cheek,
And the little live hand seems to stir and speak,—
For Fanny is dumb, and I am blind.

Fanny is sweet thirteen, and she
Has fine black ringlets and dark eyes clear;
And I am older by summers three.
Why should we hold one another so dear?
Because she cannot utter a word,
Nor hear the music of bee or bird,

The water-cart's splash or the milkman's call;
Because I have never seen the sky,
Nor the little singers that hum and fly,
Yet know she is gazing upon them all.

For the sun is shining, the swallows fly,
The bees and the blue-flies murmur low;
And I hear the water-cart go by,
With its cool splash-splash, down the dusty row;
And the little one close at my side perceives
Mine eyes upraised to the cottage eaves,
Where birds are chirping in summer shine,
And I hear, though I cannot look; and she,
Though she cannot hear, can the singers see, —
And the little soft fingers flutter in mine!

Hath not the dear little hand a tongue,
When it stirs on my palm for the love of me?
Do I not know she is pretty and young?
Hath not my soul an eye to see?
'Tis pleasure to make one's bosom stir,
To wonder how things appear to her,
That I only hear as they pass around;
And as long as we sit in the music and light,
She is happy to keep God's sight,
And *I* am happy to keep God's sound.

Why, I know her face, though I am blind;
I made it of music long ago, —
Strange large eyes, and dark hair twined
Round the pensive light of a brow of snow;
And when I sit by my little one,
And hold her hand, and talk in the sun,
And hear the music that haunts the place,
I know she is raising her eyes to me,
And guessing how gentle my voice must be,
And *seeing* the music upon my face.

Though, if ever the Lord should grant me a prayer,
(I know the fancy is only vain,)
I should pray just once, when the weather is fair,
To see little Fanny, and Langley Lane;

Though Fanny, perhaps, would pray to hear
The voice of the friend that she holds so dear,
The song of the birds, the hum of the street, —
It is better to be as we have been,
Each keeping up something unheard, unseen,
To make God's heaven more strange and sweet.

Ah, life is pleasant in Langley Lane!
There is always something sweet to hear, —
Chirping of birds, or patter of rain,
And Fanny, my little one, always near.
And though I am weakly and can't live long,
And Fanny my darling is far from strong,
And though we can never married be,
What then, since we hold one another so dear
For the sake of the pleasure one cannot hear,
And the pleasure that only one can see?

Robert Buchanan.

OUR FOLKS.

"Hi! Harry Holly! Halt, and tell
A fellow just a thing or two:
You've had a furlough, been to see
How all the folks in Jersey do.
It's months ago since I was there, —
I, and a bullet from Fair Oaks.
When you were home, old comrade, say,
Did you see any of our folks?

You did? Shake hands! Oh, ain't I glad!
For if I do look grim and rough,
I've got some feelin' —
People think
A soldier's heart is mighty tough;
But, Harry, when the bullets fly,
And hot saltpetre flames and smokes,
While whole battalions lie afield,
One's apt to think about his folks.

And so you saw them — when? and where?
The old man — is he hearty yet?
And mother — does she fade at all?
Or does she seem to pine and fret
For me? And Sis — has she grown tall?
And did you see her friend — you know,
That Annie Moss —
(How this pipe chokes!)
Where did you see her? Tell me, Hal,
A lot of news about our folks.

You saw them in the church — yet say;
It's likely, for they're always there.
Not Sunday? no? A funeral? Who?
Who, Harry? how you shake and stare!
All well, you say, and all were out.
What ails you, Hal? Is this a hoax?
Why don't you tell me, like a man,
What is the matter with our folks?"

"I said all well, old comrade, true;
I say all well, for He knows best
Who takes the young ones in his arms,
Before the sun goes to the west.
The axe-man Death deals right and left,
And flowers fall as well as oaks;
And so —
Fair Annie blooms no more!
And that's the matter with your folks.

See, this long curl was kept for you;
And this white blossom from her breast;
And here — your sister Bessie wrote
A letter, telling all the rest.
Bear up, old friend."
Nobody speaks;
Only the old camp-raven croaks,
And soldiers whisper, —
"Boys, be still;
There's some bad news from Grainger's folks."

He turns his back — the only foe
That ever saw it — on this grief,
And, as men will, keeps down the tears
Kind Nature sends to woe's relief.
Then answers he, —
"Ah, Hal, I'll try;
But in my throat there's something chokes;
Because, you see, I've thought so long
To count her in among our folks.

"I s'pose she must be happy now;
But still I will keep thinking, too,
I could have kept all trouble off,
By being tender, kind, and true.
But maybe not.
She's safe up there;
And when the Hand deals other strokes,
She'll stand by Heaven's gate, I know,
And wait to welcome in our folks."

Ethel Lynn.

THE PHANTOM MONKEY.

A LEGEND.

"O HUNGRY Neapolitan,
You used to be a good deal fatter.
You're melancholy, lean, and wan.
Is it dyspepsia? Hang it, man!
Speak! prithee, what's the matter?

Your raven locks — how is't they came
To make you look a horrid Gorgon?
Your fine complexion's not the same;
And what, oh, what, in Heaven's name,
Has happened to your organ?

It grieves me sore, I do declare,
To see you thin: you once were chunky.
Your shoes, that once were passing fair,
Can't call their soles their own; and where
Is your congenial monkey?"

"Ah, signor, he a bad-a ape;
Me nevermore vill him pardoni.
He get-a me terrible scrape,
He shak-a me — make him escape.
Ah, cielo! Macaroni!

Quel I go music-a to play, —
Allegro, sforza, con amore, —
Da monk-a coquettes all il day
Viz signoritas o'er da vay.
Il malo traditore!

Ven da organo play, I've seen
Da plenty soldi quickly follow
Into da monkey's cup of teen.
Corpo tobacco? it ees mean —
Il monk' da monay swallow.

Across la via lives a girl —
She is a nurs'ry signorita.
Her hair is all a blond-a curl;
Her teeth of fine madre di pearl:
Suo namo is Brigita.

She lofed me mooch, I have no doubt.
I vas her trovator' Romano;
But me she no more care about,
Da monk' — maldetto! — cut me out!
Me povro Italiano!

Ve part — I vow refenge — ve meet!
Piu forte, presto, allegretto,
Brigita smile upon him sveet;
I strike il traitor to my feet,
Quite mort' by my stiletto.

Da monkey's spirito I see;
I hear his low staccato chatter.
Il spectro monkey follows me,
And grins at me in fiendish glee,
An' zat ees vot-a da matter."

"O son of ancient noble race,
Descendant of a line Romano,
Accept this dime I give with grace,
And hie to yon refreshment place,
Proud son of old Tuscano!"

Harry B. Smith.

THE MULE AND THE BEES.

I WAS visiting a gentleman who lived in the vicinity of Los Angeles. The morning was beautiful. The plash of little cascades about the grounds, the buzz of bees, and the gentle moving of the foliage of the pepper-trees in the scarcely perceptible ocean breeze, made up a picture which I thought was complete. It was not. A mule wandered on the scene. The scene, I thought, could have got along without him. He took a different view.

Of course mules were not allowed on the grounds. This is what he knew. That was his reason for being there.

I recognized him. Had met him. His lower lip hung down. He looked disgusted. It seemed he didn't like being a mule.

A day or two before, while I was trying to pick up a little child who had got too near this mule's heels, he kicked me two or three times before I could tell from which way I was hit. I might have avoided some of the kicking, but in my confusion I began to kick at the mule. I didn't kick with him long. He outnumbered me.

He browsed along on the choice shrubbery. I forgot the beauty of the morning. Remembered a black-and-blue spot on my leg. It looked like the print of a mule hoof. There was another on my right hip. Where my suspenders crossed there were two more, as I have been informed. They were side by side, twin blue spots, and seemed to be about the same age.

I thought of revenge. I didn't want to kick with him any more. No. But thought, if I had him tied down good and fast, so he could not move his heels, how like sweet incense it would be, to first saw his ears and tail smooth off, then put out his eyes with a red-hot poker, then skin him alive, and run him through a threshing machine.

While I was standing thus thinking, and getting madder and madder, the mule, which had wandered up to a large beehive, got stung. His eyes lighted up, as if that was just what he was looking for. He turned on the beehive, and took aim. He fired. In ten seconds the only piece of beehive I could see was about the size a man feels when he has told a joke that falls on the company like a piece of sad news. This piece was in the air. It was being kicked at.

The bees swarmed. They swarmed a good deal. They lit on that mule earnestly. After he had kicked the last piece of beehive so high that he could not reach it any more, he stopped for an instant. He seemed trying to ascertain whether the ten thousand bees which were stinging him meant it. They did.

The mule turned loose. I never saw any thing to equal it. He was enveloped in a dense fog of earnestness and bees, and filled with enthusiasm and stings. The more he kicked, the higher he rose from the ground. I may have been mistaken, for I was somewhat excited and very much delighted; but that mule seemed to rise as high as the tops of the pepper-trees. The pepper-trees were twenty feet high. He would open and shut himself like a frog swimming. Sometimes, when he was in mid-air, he would look like as if he was flying, and I would think for a moment that he was about to become an angel. Only for a moment. There are probably no mule angels.

When he got up to the top of the pepper-trees, I was called to breakfast. I told them I didn't want any breakfast.

The mule continued to be busy.

When a mule kicks himself clear of the earth, his heels seldom reach higher than his back; that is, a mule's fore-legs can reach forward, and his hind-legs backward, until the mule becomes straightened out into a line of mule parallel with the earth and fifteen or twenty feet therefrom. This mule's hind-legs, however, were not only raised into a line with his back, but they would come over until the bottom of the hoofs almost touched his ears.

The mule proceeded as if he desired to hurry through.

I had no idea how many bees a hive would hold, until I saw that beehive emptied on that mule. They covered him so completely that I could not see any of him but the glare of his eyes. I could see from the expression of his eyes that he didn't like the way things were going.

That mule still went on in an absorbed kind of a way.

Not only was every bee of the disturbed hive on duty, but I think the news had been conveyed to the neighboring hives that war had been declared. I could see bees flitting to and fro. The mule was covered so deep with bees, that he looked like an exaggerated mule. The hum of the bees, and their moving on each other, combined in a seething hiss.

A sweet calm and gentle peacefulness pervaded me.

When he kicked for an hour, he began to fall short of the tops of the pepper-trees. He was settling down closer to the earth. Numbers were telling on him. He looked distressed. He had always been used to kicking against something, but found now that he was striking the air. It was very exhausting.

He finally got so he did not rise clear of the ground, but continued to kick with both feet for half an hour; next with first one foot and then with the other, for another half-hour; then with his right foot every few minutes, the intervals growing longer and longer, until he finally was still. His head dropped, his lips hung lower and lower. The bees stung on. He looked as if he thought that a mean, sneaking advantage had been taken of him.

I retired from the scene. Early next morning I returned. The sun came slowly up from behind the eastern hills. The light foliage of the pepper-trees trembled with his morning's caress. His golden kiss fell upon the opening roses. A bee could be seen flying hither, another thither. The mule lay near the scene of yesterday's struggle. Peace had come to him. — *Lack Melone.*

BABY'S SOLILOQUY.

My goodness gracious! what has happened me?
Quite suddenly I feel and hear and see.
What are these great big creatures round me here?
Compared with me, big giants they appear.
Two different sorts there are: one sort with hair
Upon their faces; t'other doesn't wear
It thus, I see, but on their heads the show
Is wonderful! The first have legs to go
About with; t'others haven't any, yet
About the room mysteriously get.

I don't catch on to it: I can't see how
'Tis done. But I'll not fret about it now;
Some day I'll know, perhaps.
A boy, they say,
I am. Well, what's a boy, now, anyway?
A little one like me? The big ones — what
Are they, I'd like to know? A funny lot
Of creatures, truly: some are eying me
As though I were a fresh-caught chimpanzee;
Some have an unconcerned and listless air,
As though I were an every-day affair;
Others look tickled and of pleasure full;
Yet why they should, I cannot get the pull;
While two — one of each sort — look quite too-too
Beautiful for any thing; and you
Must not forget it!
One of these is pa, —
That's what I hear 'em say, — and t'other's ma.
Now, what is pa and what is ma to me,
Or me to either one? I cannot see.
I fail to grasp the situation here,
Where all things look to me so strange and queer.
The one that "coaches" me — 'tis one of those
That have no legs — says I, when in repose,
For all the world like pa exactly look,
That I from pa my features wholly took.
All this is Dutch to me.
But here comes one —
Same sort of creature — saying, on the run,
That I of ma the perfect image am.
(To me) "You precious cherub!" — "So's a clam!"
Roars pa, and laughs out paralyzing sounds, —
"A healthy cherub! twelve good solid pounds!"
(A cherub! what's a cherub?) "Oh, you bear!"
The other says; and then, "I do declare!
I'm thankful that he doesn't look like you —
The very picture — I'm so glad — of Lu!
Her nose, her very eyes, and mouth and chin" —
"Ha, ha!" roars pa. "Why don't you say her skin?
The cub's as red as is the lobster boiled" —
"You wretch!" the other cries, "you should be broiled
For calling him a 'cub' — that precious boy —
[I'm down on pa for that] — his mother's joy

And pride! the pootsy-wootsy 'ittle dear —
Now, ain't 'ou, Chubsy?" for my private ear;
Then kisses me and squeezes till I — well,
I'm forced to scream as loud as I can yell!
"The kid," says pa (so I am a kid, you mind),
"The kid has forty-horse-power lungs and wind;
If nothing breaks or goes amiss with him,
He'll make, if fate will keep his lungs in trim,
An A 1 licensed vender."
"Shameful, Ned!
You couldn't — no — an auctioneer have said,"
The other cries, — ma's sister, so I learn,
The speaker is, — and how her eyes do burn!
Concerning me, gets into wild dispute
With her who has the charge of me, — the brute,
To jounce me, as she does, almost to death!
You see — I — I can hardly — catch my — breath.
Now will I drown all voices with my yells;
Less sweet are they than sounds of silver bells,
And Bedlam's loose, you think.
Can I be blamed,
When pa insults me, and the she untamed
Jounces the life right out of me, almost,
And with hard thumps, called "pats," gives me a roast,
As 'twere — am I to blame, in these extremes,
For giving vent to forty-horse-power screams?
Well, if I am, I do not care a jot;
Blame me, till kettle makes it up with pot,
But I will scream and scream!

Mamie Luke.

THE VOICE OF THE SLUGGARD.

HAVE you brought my boots, Jemima? Leave them at my chamber door.
Does the water boil, Jemima? Place it also on the floor.
Eight o'clock already, is it? How's the weather — pretty fine?
Eight is tolerably early; I can get away by nine.
Still I feel a little sleepy, though I came to bed at one.
Put the bacon on, Jemima; see the eggs are nicely done.

I'll be down in twenty minutes — or, if possible, in less.
I shall not be long, Jemima, when I once begin to dress.

She is gone, the brisk Jemima: she is gone, and little thinks
How the sluggard yearns to capture yet another forty winks.
Since the bard is human only, — not an early village cock, —
Why should he salute the morning at the hour of eight o'clock?
Stifled be the voice of Duty; Prudence, prithee, cease to chide,
While I turn me softly, gently, round upon my other side.
Sleep, resume thy downy empire; re-assert thy sable reign!
Morpheus, why desert a fellow? Bring those poppies here again.

— What's the matter now, Jemima? Nine o'clock it cannot be!
Hast prepared the eggs, the bacon, and the matutinal tea?
Take away the jug, Jemima. Go replenish it anon,
Since the charm of its caloric must be very nearly gone.
She has left me. Let me linger till she re-appears again.
Let my lazy thoughts meander in a free and easy vein.
After sleep's profounder solace, naught refreshes like the doze.
Should I tumble off, no matter; she will wake me, I suppose.

— Bless me! is it you, Jemima? Mercy on us, what a knock!
Can it be? I can't believe it — actually ten o'clock!
I will out of bed and shave me. Fetch me warmer water up.
Let the tea be strong, Jemima: I shall only want a cup.
Stop a minute! I remember some appointment by the way;
'Twould have brought me mints of money; 'twas for ten o'clock to-day.
Let me drown my disappointment, slumber, in thy seventh heaven!
You may go away, Jemima. Come and call me at eleven.

Leeds Mercury.

KEENAN'S CHARGE.

(CHANCELLORSVILLE, MAY, 1883.)

I.

THE sun had set;
The leaves with dew were wet;
Down fell a bloody dusk
On the woods, that second of May,
Where Stonewall's corps, like a beast of prey,
Tore through, with angry tusk.

"They've trapped us, boys!"
Rose from our flank a voice.
With a rush of steel and smoke
On came the rebels straight,
Eager as love and wild as hate;
And our line reeled and broke, —

Broke and fled.
No one staid — but the dead!
With curses, shrieks, and cries,
Horses and wagons and men
Tumbled back through the shuddering glen,
And above us the fading skies.

There's one hope still:
Those batteries parked on the hill!
"Battery, wheel!" (mid the roar)
"Pass pieces; fix prolonge to fire
Retiring. Trot!" In the panic dire,
A bugle rings "Trot" — and no more.

The horse plunged,
The cannon lurched and lunged,
To join the hopeless rout.
But suddenly rode a form,
Calmly in front of the human storm,
With a stern, commanding shout: —

"Align those guns!"
(We knew it was Pleasonton's.)
The cannoneers bent to obey,
And worked with a will, at his word,
And the black guns moved as if they had heard.
But ah, the dread delay!

"To wait is crime:
O God, for ten minutes time!"
The general looked around.
There Keenan sat, like a stone,
With his three hundred horse alone,
Less shaken than the ground.

"Major, your men?" —
"Are soldiers, general." — "Then
Charge, major! Do your best:
Hold the enemy back, at all cost,
Till my guns are placed; else the army is lost.
You die to save the rest!"

II.

By the shrouded gleam of the western skies,
Brave Keenan looked in Pleasonton's eyes
For an instant — clear, and cool, and still;
Then, with a smile, he said, "I will."

"Cavalry, charge!" Not a man of them shrank.
Their sharp, full cheer, from rank on rank,
Rose joyously, with a willing breath, —
Rose like a greeting hail to death.
Then forward they sprang, and spurred and clashed;
Shouted the officers, crimsoned sashed;
Rode well the men, each brave as his fellow,
In their faded coats of the blue and yellow;
And above in the air, with an instinct true,
Like a bird of war their pennon flew.

With clank of scabbards and thunder of steeds,
And blades that shine like sunlight reeds,
And strong brown faces bravely pale
For fear their proud attempt shall fail,

Three hundred Pennsylvanians close
On twice ten thousand gallant foes.

Line after line the troopers came
To the edge of the wood that was ringed with flame;
Rode in and sabred and shot — and fell;
Nor came one back his wounds to tell.
And full in the midst rose Keenan, tall
In the gloom, like a martyr awaiting his fall,
While the circle-stroke of his sabre, swung
Round his head, like a halo there, luminous hung.
Line after line, ay, whole platoons,
Struck dead in their saddles, of brave dragoons,
By the maddened horses were onward borne,
And into the vortex flung, trampled and torn,
As Keenan fought with his men, side by side.

So they rode, till there were no more to ride.

But over them, lying there shattered and mute,
What deep echo rolls? 'Tis a death-salute
From the cannon in place. For, heroes, you braved
Your fate not in vain: the army was saved!

Over them now, year following year,
Over their graves, the pine-cones fall,
And the whippoorwill chants his spectre call;
But they stir not again, they raise no cheer:
They have ceased. But their glory shall never cease,
Nor their light be quenched in the light of peace.
The rush of their charge is resounding still
That saved the army at Chancellorsville.

THE DREAD OF DEATH.

The dread of death is but an animal instinct. The falling of the leaves is death, the withering of the flower is death, the changing color of the foliage of the forest is death. The wrinkles on our faces, the increasing gray in our hair, are but the indications of the coming of the great master who gives us repose. His hand, after all, is as soft

as the dews of the morning. Dying is but a disappearing mist from the crest of a mountain, to be followed by the sunshine of a better life. Oh, what a mystery is this art of living! Is it not greater than the mystery of dying? Does the one bring more hearty anxieties and solicitudes than the other? Does this life, after all, furnish us with any thing but hope inspired and hope disappointed?

When we contemplate the problem that each of us must solve, cannot we realize that our departed brother is folded in the mantle of eternal kindness; that he has escaped from the perplexities with which we are annoyed, and is looking upon this world without the red rust of tears that we notice in each other's eyes? There is but one sure platform on which we can stand; and that is, God has chosen for the best.

The aching heart and the sorrowful soul look forward to a place where a pure ideal of what they might have been may be realized, and the faults that debased us here may be corrected there; where the drooping flower of this life may be the erect and stalwart of the ages to come; where the crooked ways of this world may be made the straight ones of the next; where the sorrows that here enshroud the weary soul may be illuminated by the Eternal Sun that will make them resplendent forever; and every eye will perceive that the light of God's countenance shines through each soul, and will ultimately make it beautiful and serene. This is no vain hope, because it is the harbinger and sunset of the millennium, whose arch and span are made up of the promise of beauty and rest.

The ocean that separates this world from the next, no human eye can measure. The shadow of the future is on the shore of the present, and what lies in that shadow no soul can tell. Oh, how sweet it would be if on this ocean that divides time from eternity, and on which souls are the ships of passage, we could freight these spiritual vessels with messages of love to those who have gone before! We would send letters fragrant with the supremest affections of the soul. We would send bouquets of flowers as beautiful as those that first appeared in the Garden of Paradise. But we grasp the air, and find our hands empty. We look at the sea, and find it shoreless. We speak to the departing messenger, and find that to his hands we can consign no commission.

What a wonderful sight we shall some time see when the great of earth are all gathered there; when the laurel of victory and the cypress of defeat are intertwined without the slightest twinge of regret! In the sweeter time to come, when the blossoms all bloom, and the infirmities of this life be forgotten, we shall realize that the soul is the jewel of all things, and that the circumstances which encompass us here simply tend to brighten and burnish it; that the office of the shadow is to intensify and make more clear the sunlight. And if there is ultimately to be a perfectibility of the human soul, we shall be across the river what we might have been here. — *Belford.*

MY WIFE AND CHILD.

The tattoo beats; the lights are gone;
The camp around in slumber lies;
The night with solemn pace moves on;
The shadows thicken o'er the skies;
But sleep my weary eyes hath flown,
And sad, uneasy thoughts arise.

I think of thee, oh, dearest one!
Whose love mine early life hath blest:
Of thee and him — our baby son —
Who slumbers on thy gentle breast.
God of the tender, frail, and lone,
Oh, guard that little sleeper's rest!

And hover, gently hover near
To her whose watchful eye is wet —
The mother, wife, — the doubly dear,
In whose young heart have freshly met
Two streams of love, so deep and clear,
And cheer her drooping spirit yet!

Now, as she kneels before thy throne,
Oh, teach her, Ruler of the skies!
That while by thy behest alone
Earth's mightiest powers fall or rise,
No tear is wept to thee unknown,
Nor hair is lost, nor sparrow dies;

That thou canst stay the ruthless hand
Of dark disease, and soothe its pain;
That only by thy stern command
The battle's lost, the soldier slain;
That from the distant sea or land
Thou bring'st the wanderer home again.

And when upon her pillow lone
Her tear-wet cheek is sadly pressed,
May happier visions beam upon
The brightening currents of her breast;
Nor frowning look nor angry tone
Disturb the sabbath of her rest!

Whatever fate those forms may throw,
Loved with a passion almost wild,
By day, by night, in joy or woe,
By fears oppressed, or hopes beguiled,
From every danger, every foe,
O God! protect my wife and child!

Henry Rootes Jackson.

ELIZABETH ZANE.

This dauntless pioneer maiden's name
Is inscribed in gold on the scroll of Fame:
She was the lassie who knew no fear
When the tomahawk gleamed on the far frontier.
If deeds of daring should win renown,
Let us honor this damsel of Wheeling town,
Who braved the savage with deep disdain, —
Bright-eyed, buxom Elizabeth Zane.

'Twas more than a hundred years ago.
They were close beset by the dusky foe:
They had spent of powder their scanty store,
And who the gauntlet should run for more?
She sprang to the portal, and shouted, "I!
'Tis better a girl than a man should die!
My loss would be but the garrison's gain.
Unbar the gate!" said Elizabeth Zane.

The powder was sixty yards away,
Around her the foemen in ambush lay:
As she darted from shelter they gazed with awe,
Then wildly shouted, "A squaw! a squaw!"
She neither swerved to the left nor right.
Swift as an antelope's was her flight.
"Quick! Open the door!" she cried amain,
"For a hope forlorn! 'Tis Elizabeth Zane."

No time had she to waver or wait;
Back she must go ere it be too late:
She snatched from the table its cloth in haste,
And knotted it deftly about her waist,
Then filled it with powder, — never, I ween,
Had powder so lovely a magazine, —
Then, scorning the bullets, a deadly rain,
Like a startled fawn fled Elizabeth Zane.

She gained the fort with her precious freight;
Strong hands fastened the oaken gate;
Brave men's eyes were suffused with tears
That had there been strangers for many years.
From flint-lock rifles again there sped
'Gainst the skulking redskins a storm of lead;
And the war-whoop sounded that day in vain,
Thanks to the deed of Elizabeth Zane.

Talk not to me of Paul Revere,
A man on horseback with naught to fear;
Nor of old John Burns, with his bell-crowned hat —
He'd an army to back him, so what of that?
Here's to the heroine, plump and brown,
Who ran the gauntlet in Wheeling town!
Hers is a record without a stain, —
Beautiful, buxom Elizabeth Zane.

John S. Adams.

MOTHER'S DOUGHNUTS.

EL DORADO, 1851.

I've jest bin down ter Thompson's, boys,
'N' feelin' kind o' blue,
I thought I'd look in at "The Ranch,"
Ter find out what wuz new;
When I seen this sign a-hangin'
On a shanty by the lake:
"Here's whar yer gets yer doughnuts
Like yer mother used ter make."

I've seen a grizzly show his teeth;
I've seen Kentucky Pete
Draw out his shooter, 'n' advise
A "tenderfoot" ter treat;
But nothin' ever tuk me down
'N' made my benders shake,
Like that sign about the doughnuts
That my mother used ter make.

A sort o' mist shut out the ranch;
'N' standin' thar instead,
I seen an old white farmhouse,
With its doors all painted red.
A whiff came through the open door—
Wuz I sleepin', or awake?
The smell wuz that of doughnuts
Like my mother used ter make.

The bees wuz hummin' round the porch,
Whar honeysuckles grew;
A yellow dish of apple-sass
Wuz sittin' thar in view;
'N' on the table, by the stove,
An old-time "johnny-cake,"
'N' a platter full of doughnuts
Like my mother used ter make.

A patient form I seemed ter see,
In tidy dress of black:
I almost thought I heard the words,
"When will my boy come back?"
'N' then — the old sign creaked; but now
It was the boss who spake:
"Here's whar yer gets yer doughnuts
Like yer mother used ter make."

Well, boys, that kind o' broke me up;
'N' ez I've struck pay gravel,
I ruther think I'll pack my kit,
Vamose the ranch, 'n' travel.
I'll make the old folks jubilant;
'N' if I don't mistake,
I'll try some o' them doughnuts
Like my mother used ter make.

Charles Fallen Adams.

AN ERROR O' JUDGMENT.

We are a quiet, law-abiding people doon here in Saltcoats. Indeed, I havna seen a polisman for sax weeks, an' trooly when I think o' hoo happy we a' are I'm aye reminded o' the hundred and thirty-third Saum.

Being orderly folk, an' in oor beds at a proper oor, the street-lamps are a' screwed oot every nicht at twal o'clock — an' quite late eneuch tae, for if folk are no hame by that time they should be. Oor gas, I may remark, is cheaper and better than the Glasgow thing; altho' we don't make a great wark aboot it bein' equal ta sae mony "caunle po'er," an' ither nonsense o' that kin'. Bein' savin' folk, moreover, on nichts when the mune's up the lamps are no lichtit at a'. It wad be o' nae use, you see, an' a perfect throwin' awa o' gas. But that brings me to what I was goin' tae say.

The ither nicht, though it wis vera dark, no a lamp was lichtet, a matter that rather bothered the inhabitants. By-an'-by a few o' the principal folk cam' doon tae my place jist as I wis closin', an' after a bit crack we made up oor mind tae gie a ca' on the lamplighter. The reg'lar man, wi-

through at Kirkliston — he's East country himsel', if I don't mistak he belangs tae Manuel — buryin' his wife's auntie; so it wis jist, as ye micht say, a depute-proxy that wis daein' the wark. Weel, we daunnert up tae this depute-proxy's hoose; bit he wis in bed, on' a' oor chappin' at the door couldna rouse him. Seein' this, we borrow't a lether, frae a slater that steys next door, an' twa o' the ithers steadin' it, I crept up the rungs an' twirlt at the window wi' my fingers, singin' a' the time —

O are ye sleeping, Wullie!
O are ye sleeping, Wullie!
O are ye ——

"Whit ye oh-in' at?" cries Wullie, comin' tae the window: "a body wid think it wis some lass you were serenadin'."

"Wullie," says I solemnly, "what's this ye hae been daein' at a' at a'?"

"I've been daein' naething but sleepin': it's you that's kicking up the row."

"But ye hivna lichtet the lamps the nicht."

"This is no my nicht: it's the mune the nicht."

"Surely ye've made a mistak, Wullie: there's nae mune that I see."

"I've made nae mistak, for I lookit the almanac."

"But will ye no listen tae reason? Put yer heid oot an' see for yersel'."

Wullie put his heid oot. "Woel," he says, "there's nae mune, certainly; but ye surely widna hae me responsible for that. I go by the almanac; an' if it says there's to be a mune, it's a' one tae me whether there's nae mune or a million o' munes, not a lamp will I licht."

"That's quite richt, Wullie: nae doot ye maun hae some rule to go by. — Gentlemen," I cries doon, "he has the best o' the argument: what am I tae dae noo?"

"Haul him oot the window," they cried up.

"Oh! if ye're goin' tae begin fechtin' I'll come doon," I replies, "and let some o' the rest o' ye up." But they cried, that I'd better jist settle it when I wis there, so I says, "Wullie, whit almanac d'ye go by? Is't Orr's, or the Belfast?"

"Here it's up on the mantlepiece, ye can see it for yersel';" and he took it doon, an' held it oot tae me, giein' me a caunle at the same time to read it by. One look, hooever, explained

the hale affair. "Gracious guidness, Wullie," I cries, "this is last year's!"

"Eh! what! last year's?"

"It is that," says I.

"Mr. Kaye," says Wullie, "don't say another word. Wait a minute, an' I'll put on my troosers, an' in hauf an oor every lamp'll be shinin' sae that ye wid think it wis a general illumination."

He wis as guid as his word; an' we a' accompanied him on his rounds, an' the cheers the laddies gied as each lamp wis lichtet wid 'a' dune yer hert guid. We had a meetin' in the coalree afterwards; an' I proposed that Wullie, for his strict attention tae duty — it was only an error o' judgment he had made, very different frae carelessness — should get the first vacant place we had, at a guid wage; an' the motion wis carried, an' Wullie an' us a' went hame happy.

THE IRISH SCHOOLMASTER.

Old Teddy O'Rourke kept a nice little school at a place called Clarina, in the South of Ireland. He hadn't many scholars, because the folks in those parts were for the most part too poor to send their children to school, and they picked up their learning as pigs do their meat; still Teddy had some pupils, though they were a roguish lot, in spite of their having to pay a penny a week extra to be taught manners.

Teddy's schoolroom was a bit of a shed: and the boys couldn't complain of bad ventilation, seeing that there was a hole in the roof which left it open to the blue sky, and the rain too; for in those parts, when the rain does pour, it comes down mightily.

Well, one morning, says Ted, "My boys, since all of you are here, I'll just call over your names to see that none of you are missing. Gerald McShaa?"—"I'm here, sir." "Paddy O'Shaughnessy?"—"Here, but my brother Barney ain't." "Where is your brother Barney, then?"—"He's *dead*, sir, and they are going to *wake* him." "Are they? well, you go and sit down by the fire, and larn your task, and don't be falling *asleep*, or I'll be waking *you*. — Paddy MacShane, my darling, come here, and bring your ugly face

wid you, and spell me Constantinople." — "I can't, sir." — "Can't you? then by the powers I'll teach you: first of all, you see, there's C." — "C." "O." — "O." "N." — "N." "Con." — "Con." "That's the Con." — "That's the Con." "S." — "S." "T." — "T." "A." — "A." "N." — "N." "Stan." — "Stan." "That's the Stan." — "That's the Stan." "And the Constan." — "And the Constan." "T." — "T." "I." — "I." "Ti." — "Ti." "That's the Ti." — "That's the Ti." "And the Stanti." — "And the Stanti." "And the Constanti." — "And the Constanti." "N." — "N." "O." — "O." "No." — "No." "That's the No." — "That's the No." "And the Tino." — "And the Tino." "And the Stantino." — "And the Stantino." "And the Constantino." — "And the Constantino." "P." — "P." "L." — "L." "E." — "E." "Ple." — "Pull." "That's the Ple." — "That's the Pull." "And the Nople." — "And the Nopull." "And the Tinople." — "And the Tinopull." "And the Stantinople." — "And the Stantinopull." "And the Constantinople." — "And the Constantinopull."

"Now," said Teddy to Felix O'Brian, "before you go *down*, come *up* and say your letters. What is the name of the first letter in the alphabet?" — "X, sir." — "No, sir. What does your father give the donkey to eat, sir?" — "Nothing, sir." — "And what else, sir?" — "Hay, sir." — "Aye, that's a good boy; and what's next to A?" — "Don't know, sir." — "What is the name of that great bird that flies about the garden, and stings the people?" — "A wasp, sir." — "No, sir. What is it that makes all the honey?" — "Bee, sir." — "B — that's right; B a good boy, and mind what I say, and you'll be a beautiful scholar. Now, the next letter to B, what is it?" — "I don't know, sir." — "What do I do when I turn up my eyes?" — "You squint, sir." — "And what else, sir?" — "You see." — "C — that's right: now what's next to C?" — "W, sir." — "What is your grandmother's name?" — "Judee, sir." — "Arrah, can't you say D without the Ju?" — "Yes, sir, D and no Jew." — "Well, sir?" — "E, F." — "Well, what do you stop for?" — "Because I can't go no further." — "What do the wagoners say when they want their horses to go faster?" — "Gee ho, dobbin." — "G, and no ho dobbin." — "H." — "Well, that's right; and what follows H?" — "Don't know." — "What has your mother got by the side of her nose?" — "A pimple, sir." — "A pimple!" — "Yes, sir, and one eye." — "I — that's a good boy: you're my head scholar,

and will soon be a man. Well, go on." — "J." — "What's next to J?" — "I'm sure I don't know." — "What does your mother open the door with?" — "A poker, sir." — "And what besides?" — "A string, sir." — "And what else?" — "A kay, sir." — "K — that's right, to be sure, — she opens the door with a key. Now, what's next to K?" — "L." — "Well, and what's next?" — "Don't know, sir." — "What does your mother do with her nightcaps when she makes them?" — "She pawns them, sir." — "Stoopid booby! how does she make them?" — "She cuts them out, and hems them." — "Can't you say M and no cut out?" — "M and no cut out." — "I'll cut out your jacket. — What's next?" — "Don't know, sir." — "How does your mother get her eggs?" — "She buys 'em, sir." — "Doesn't the hen lay them?" — "Father sold the hen to buy whiskey." — "Och the ungrateful young scamp of an informer! take that!" — "Oh!" — "O — right at last. I thought I'd make you say O. Go on." — "I can't, sir." — "What does Biddy feed the pigs with?" — "Pays, sir, and praties." — "Say pay and no praties." — "Pay and no praties." — "And it's no praties you shall have to-day, for you'll go and stand in the corner. Send up the next boy."

THE SAME OLD STORY.

She read until she could not see —
  Did "Ivanhoe" e'er weary?
Then dropped the book upon her knee,
  And said her life was dreary.

"From day to day I still must tread
  The same dull round of duty, —
Of darning socks and baking bread,
  Without one glimpse of beauty.

From week to week my landmarks are —
  A sermon dull on Sunday;
On Friday night the Plumville Star;
  The weekly wash on Monday.

And oh! there's never a line of grace,
  And never a hint of glory."
She sighed, and lengthened her pretty face —
  "It's always the same old story."

She dried her eyes and curled her hair,
  And went to the conference meeting,
From the garden gate to the vestry stair
  The self-same words repeating.

At last the final hymn was sung,
  And all the prayers were ended,
When one, from the doorway crowd among,
  Her homeward steps attended.

They left at length the village street,
  And sprang the low wall over,
To cross through Captain Peaslee's wheat
  And Deacon Bascombe's clover.

The moon seemed shining overhead
  To flood their path with glory:
They whispered low, but what they said
  Was — only the same old story.

PRAYING FOR SHOES.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

On a dark November morning,
  A lady walked slowly down
The thronged, tumultuous thoroughfare
  Of an ancient seaport town.

Of a winning and gracious beauty,
  The peace on her pure young face
Was soft as the gleam of an angel's dream
  In the calms of a heavenly place.

Her eyes were fountains of pity,
And the sensitive mouth expressed
A longing to set the kind thoughts free
In music that filled her breast.

She met, by a bright shop-window,
An urchin timid and thin,
Who, with limbs that shook and a yearning look,
Was mistily glancing in

At the rows and varied clusters
Of slippers and shoes outspread;
Some shimmering keen, some of sombre sheen,
Some purple and green and red.

His pale lips moved and murmured,
But of what she could not hear;
And oft on his folded hands would fall
The round of a bitter tear.

"What troubles you, child?" she asked him,
In a voice like the May-wind sweet.
He turned, and while pointing dolefully
To his naked and bleeding feet, —

"I was praying for shoes," he answered,
"(Just look at the splendid show!)
I was praying to God for a single pair,
The sharp stones hurt me so!"

She led him, in museful silence,
At once through the open door;
And his hope grew bright, like a fairy light
That flickered and danced before.

And there he was washed and tended,
And his small brown feet were shod;
And he pondered there on his childish prayer
And the marvellous answer of God.

Above them his keen gaze wandered,
How strangely from shop and shelf,
Till it almost seemed that he fondly dreamed
Of looking on God himself.

The lady bent over and whispered, —
"Are you happier now, my lad?"
He started, and all his soul flashed forth
In a gratitude swift and glad.

"Happy? Oh, yes! I am happy!"
Then (wonder with reverence rife,
His eyes aglow, and his voice sunk low),
"*Please tell me! Are you God's wife?*"

Paul Hamilton Hayne.

A SHIPWRECK STORY.

"THE GROSVENOR," East Indiaman, homeward bound, goes ashore on the coast of Caffraria. It is resolved that the officers, passengers, and crew, in number one hundred and thirty-five souls, shall endeavor to penetrate on foot, across trackless deserts infested by wild beasts and cruel savages, to the Dutch settlements at the Cape of Good Hope. With this forlorn object before them, they finally separate into two parties, never more to meet on earth.

There is a solitary child among the passengers, — a little boy seven years old, who has no relation there; and when the first party is moving away, he cries after some member of it who has been kind to him. The crying of a child might be supposed to be a little thing to men in such great extremity; but it touches them, and he is immediately taken into that detachment.

From which time forth, this child is sublimely made a sacred charge. He is pushed, on a little raft, across broad rivers, by the swimming sailors; they carry him by turns through the deep sands and long grass, he patiently walking at all other times; they share with him such putrid fish as they find to eat; they lie down and wait for him when the

rough carpenter, who becomes his especial friend, lags behind. Beset by lions and tigers, by savages, by thirst, by hunger, by death in a crowd of ghastly shapes, they never — O Father of all mankind, thy name be blessed for it! — forget this child. The captain stops exhausted, and his faithful coxswain goes back, and is seen to sit down by his side, and neither of the two shall be any more beheld until the great last day; but, as the rest go on for their lives, they take the child with them. The carpenter dies of poisonous berries eaten in starvation; and the steward, succeeding to the command of the party, succeeds to the sacred guardianship of the child.

God knows all he does for the poor baby; how he cheerfully carries him in his arms when he himself is weak and ill; how he feeds him when he himself is griped with want; how he folds his ragged jacket round him, lays his little worn face with a woman's tenderness upon his sunburnt breast, soothes him in his sufferings, sings to him as he limps along, unmindful of his own parched and bleeding feet. Divided for a few days from the rest, they dig a grave in the sand, and bury their good friend the cooper — these two companions alone in the wilderness; and then the time comes when they both are ill, and beg their wretched partners in despair, reduced and few in numbers now, to wait by them one day. They wait by them one day — they wait by them two days. On the morning of the third, they move very softly about in making their preparations for the resumption of their journey; for the child is sleeping by the fire, and it is agreed with one consent that he shall not be disturbed until the last moment. The moment comes, the fire is dying — and the child is dead.

His faithful friend the steward lingers but a little while behind him. His grief is great; he staggers on for a few days, lies down in the desert, and dies. But he shall be reunited in his immortal spirit — who can doubt it? — with the child, where he and the poor carpenter shall be raised up with the words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

Household Words.

A MODERN FIANCÉE.

She, with a milk-pail on her arm,
Turns aside with her young cheeks glowing,
And sees down the lane the slow, dull tread
Of the drove of cows that are homeward going.
"Bessie," he said, — at the sound she turned,
Her blue eyes full of childish wonder, —
"My mother is feeble and lame and old:
I need a wife at my farmhouse yonder.

"My heart is lonely, my home is drear,
I need your presence ever near me:
Will you be my guardian angel, dear,
Queen of my household, to guide and cheer me?"

"It has a pleasant sound," she said, —
"A household queen, a guiding spirit,
To warm your heart and cheer your home,
And keep the sunshine ever near it.
But I am only a simple child,
So my mother says in her daily chiding;
And what must a guardian angel do
When she first begins her work of guiding?"

"Well, first, dear Bessie, a smiling face
Is dearer far than the rarest beauty;
And my mother, fretful, lame, and old,
Will require a daughter's loving duty.
You will see to her flannels, drops, and tea,
And talk with her of lungs and liver;
Give her your cheerful service, dear:
'The Lord he loveth a cheerful giver.'

"You will see that my breakfast is piping hot,
And rub the clothes to a snowy whiteness;
Make golden butter and snowy rolls,
And polish things to a shining brightness;

Will darn my stockings, and mend my coats,
And see that the buttons are sewed on tightly;
You will keep things cheerful and neat and sweet,
That home's altar-fires may still burn brightly.

"You will read me at evening the daily news,
The tedious winter nights beguiling;
And never forget that the sweetest face
Is a cheerful face that is always smiling.
In short, you'll arrange in a general way
For a sort of sublunary heaven;
For home, dear Bessie, say what we may,
Is the highest sphere to a woman given."

The lark sang out to the bending sky,
The bobolink piped in the nodding rushes,
And out of the tossing clover-blooms
Came the sweet, clear song of the meadow thrushes.
And Bessie, listening, paused a while,
Then said, with a sly glance at her neighbor,
"But, John — do you mean — that is to say,
What shall I get for all this labor?

"To be nurse, companion, and servant-girl,
To make home's altar-fires burn brightly;
To wash and iron and scrub and cook,
And always be cheerful, neat, and sprightly;
To give up liberty, home, and friends,
Nay, even the name of a mother's giving, —
To do all this for one's board and clothes;
Why, the life of an angel isn't worth living!"

And Bessie gayly went her way
Down through the fields of scented clover,
But never again since that summer day
Has she won a glance from her rustic lover.
The lark sings out to the bending sky,
The clouds sail on as white as ever;
The clovers toss in the summer wind,
But Bessie has lost that chance forever.

Julia Mills Dunn.

THE AUTOMATIC CRADLE.

"WELL, Cynthia," said Major Schottguhn, "I suppose it's almost time now to buy a cradle."

"Yes, Philip, I suppose it is."

To tell the truth, the major had been looking at cradles for a week. He had prowled around all the stores in Fourteenth Street, and prospected all the places in Broadway on his way to the office. He saw none of the old-fashioned cradles which rock on rockers: they were all of the new-fangled kind, with the bodies suspended on pivots and swinging between two uprights at the ends. The only thing the major was in doubt about was whether he should buy a plain swinger or a swinger with a clockwork attachment, and finally he decided to buy one with clockwork.

The cradle came home Friday night. It was a very pretty cradle, but the clockwork was not an ornamental appendage. The machinery was incased in a circular box of the circumference of a cheese-box and half the thickness of an ordinary cheese. Along with the cradle came a clock-key, which was about the size and shape of the bed-wrenches they used in the days when bedsteads were corded and put together with immense screws. The major wound up the clockwork. Mrs. Schottguhn laid in the baby, and off went the cradle, click-click, click-click, click-click, click-click —

"There," said the major, "there's a cradle, Cynthia, that will rock the baby without taking up your time. All you've got to do is to put in the baby, and start the machinery, and then you can keep right along with your sewing or reading."

"Yes, Philip," said Mrs. Schottguhn, "yes, that's a very pretty cradle;" and yet somehow she didn't exactly seem to like it.

Early yesterday morning the major was aroused by a tremendous clatter that sounded like the going-off of a monster alarm-clock. It was rattlety-slam-bang-jangerang-debang-bang-whang —

The major was out of bed in an instant, to find the watchful Mrs. Schottguhn already up and staring horrified at the cradle, which was performing the most extraordinary antics. The clockwork had got loose somehow in the night, and was going off at a most alarming gait, swinging the cradle over and over, about one complete revolution a second, round and

round and round on the pivots, with such astounding velocity that it held the baby safely glued to the bottom of the cradle by centrifugal force; reminding the major for one brief instant, of the great discovery he made when a small boy, that he "could keep water in a pail with the pail bottom up" by swinging it rapidly over and over at the end of a string. But even this brief reminiscence was blurred in his mind by the startling spectacle before him, and the whir-r-r of the revolving cradle, and the clockwork's slam-bang burr-r-r-rang-flamde-whang-jang-jang-flopperty-whoopty-bang-bang —

"O Philip! Stop it! stop it!"

The major jumped in gallantly, but at exactly the wrong moment; and the cradle struck him square on the forehead, and laid him sprawling on the floor. He was on his feet again in an instant, but just before he reached the cradle one of the pivots gave way, the end of the cradle broke from the upright, and the baby shot through the air, followed closely by the alert major, who caught it safely in his arms as it ricocheted from the mantlepiece, and answered its morning crow with an exultant shout, —

"Aha-a! caught on the flew!"

. . . . . .

"John, where's the axe?"

It was the major's voice, low but solemn. He had crept noiselessly down-stairs, and was exploring the cellar.

"Here it is," said John; "but I don't believe there's much edge on it."

"Never mind about the edge, John," said the major: "what it lacks on the edge, I'll make up on the handle;" and he crept up-stairs as noiselessly as he had gone down.

"Wh-ish!" "Wh-ish!"

Two blows of the axe were enough to send the clockwork flying.

"There, Cynthia, I don't believe we want any more clockwork in ours."

"No, Philip, we do not." And then the major discovered why she hadn't exactly liked it: she didn't want to confide to any dumb clockwork the loving task of rocking her own baby; and she tucked the blanket snugly around it, laid her hand softly on the rail, and gently swayed the cradle, singing as she rocked the sweet song that will be fresh and tune-

ful long after all the cogged wheels of Yankeeland are worn out and toothless, —

"Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber:
Holy angels guard thy bed."

THE CHAMPION SNORER.

It was the Cedar Rapids sleeper. Outside it was as dark as the inside of an ink-bottle. In the sleeping-car, people slept — or tried it.

Some of them slept like Christian men and women, peacefully and sweetly and quietly.

Others slept like demons, malignantly, hideously, fiendishly, as though it were their mission to keep everybody else awake.

Of these the man in lower number three was the "boss." When it came to a square snore, with variations, you wanted to count "lower three" in, — with a full hand, and a pocket full of rocks.

We never heard any thing snore like him. It was the most systematic snoring that was ever done, even on one of these tournaments of snoring, a sleeping-car. He didn't begin as soon as the lamps were turned, and everybody was in bed. Oh, no! There was more cold-blooded diabolism in his system than that. He waited until everybody had had a taste of sleep, just to see how nice and pleasant it was; and then he broke in on their slumbers like a winged, breathing demon, and they never knew what peace was again that night.

He started out with a terrific

"Gu-r-r-rt!"

that opened every eye in the car. We all hoped it was an accident, however; and, trusting that he wouldn't do it again, we all forgave him. Then he blasted our hopes, and curdled the sweet serenity of our forgiveness, by a long-drawn

"Gw-a-h-h-hah!"

that sounded to much like business to be accidental. Then every head in that sleepless sleeper was held off the pillow for a minute, waiting in breathless suspense to hear the worst; and the sleeper in "lower three" went on in long-

drawn, regular cadences, that indicated good staying qualities, —

"Gwa-a-a-h! Gwa-a-a-a-h! Gahwayway! Gahwaywah! Gahwa-a-ah!"

Evidently it was going to last all night; and the weary heads dropped back on the sleepless pillows, and the swearing began. It mumbled along in low, muttering tones, like the distant echoes of a profane thunder-storm. Pretty soon "lower three" gave us a little variation. He shot off a spiteful

"Gwook!"

which sounded as though his nose had got mad at him, and was going to strike. Then there was a pause, and we began to hope he had either awakened from sleep, or strangled to death — nobody cared very particularly which. But he disappointed everybody with a guttural

"Gurroch!"

Then he paused again for breath, and when he had accumulated enough for his purpose he resumed business with a stentorious

"Kowpff!"

that nearly shot the roof off the car. Then he went on playing such fantastic tricks with his nose, and breathing things that would make the immortal gods weep if they did but hear him. It seemed an utter, preposterous impossibility, that any human being could make the monstrous, hideous noises with its breathing machine that the fellow in "lower three" was making with his. He then ran through all the ranges of the usual gamut; he went up and down a very chromatic scale of snores; he ran through intricate and fearful variations, until it seemed that his nose must be out of joint in a thousand places. All the night and all the day through, he told his story.

"Gawoh! gurrah! gu-r-r-r! Kowpff! Gawaw-wah! gawahhah! gwock! gwart! gwah-h-h-h-woof!"

Just as the other passengers had consulted together how they might slay him, morning dawned, and "lower number three" awoke. Everybody watched the curtain to see what manner of man it was that made the sleeping-car a pandemonium. Presently the toilet was completed, the curtains parted, and "lower number three" stood revealed.

Great heavens!

It was a fair young girl, with golden hair, and timid pleading eyes like a hunted fawn. — *Burdette.*

THE FORUM SCENE.

FROM "JULIUS CÆSAR."

SCENE. — *The Forum.*

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS, *and a throng of* Citizens.

Cit. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

1*st Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2*d Cit.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit* CASSIUS, *with some of the* Citizens. BRUTUS *goes into the pulpit.*]

3*d Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.
Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: — Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

[*Enter* ANTONY *and others, with* CÆSAR'S *body.*]

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth, — as which of you shall not? With this I depart: — that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus! live, live!

1*st Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2*d Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3*d Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4*th Cit.* Cæsar's better parts
Shall be crowned in Brutus.

1*st Cit.* We'll bring him to his house
With shouts and clamors.

Bru. My countrymen, —

2*d Cit.* Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

1*st Cit.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allowed to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*

1*st Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3*d Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair:
We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake I am beholding to you,
[*Goes into the pulpit.*

4*th Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?

3*d Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.

4*th Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1*st Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3d Cit. Nay, that's certain:
We are blessed that Rome is rid of him.
2d Cit Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.
Ant. You gentle Romans, —
Cit. Peace, ho! let us hear him.
Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen! lend me your ears:
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interrèd with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men;)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see, that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once; not without cause:
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. — Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.
1st Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.
2d Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong. . . .

4th Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.
Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet — 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.
4th Cit. We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.
All. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.
Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it!
4th Cit. Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony.
You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.
Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay a while?
I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it:
I fear I wrong the honorable men
Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar; I do fear it.
4th Cit. They were traitors: honorable men!
All. The will! the testament!
2d Cit. They were villains, murderers: the will! read the will!
Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

Several Cit. Come down.
2*d Cit.* Descend.
3*d Cit.* You shall have leave. [ANTONY *comes down.*
4*th Cit.* A ring; stand round.
1*st Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.
2*d Cit.* Room for Antony, most noble Antony.
Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.
Several Cit. Stand back; room; bear back.
Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;
That day he overcame the Nervii: —
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;
And as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.
1*st Cit.* O piteous spectacle!
2*d Cit.* O noble Cæsar!
3*d Cit.* O woful day!
4*th Cit.* O traitors, villains!
1*st Cit.* O most bloody sight!
2*d Cit.* We will be revenged.

All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay! Let not a traitor live!

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1*st Cit.* Peace there! Hear the noble Antony.

2*d Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honorable:
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny.

1*st Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3*d Cit.* Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

All Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony!

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?
Alas, you know not: I must tell you, then:
You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true. The will! Let's stay and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2*d Cit.* Most noble Cæsar! — we'll revenge his death.

3*d Cit.* O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!
Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs forever, common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! When comes such another?
1*st Cit.* Never, never! Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body. . . .

[*Exeunt* Citizens *with the body.*

Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!

HIS MOTHER'S SONGS.

Beneath the hot midsummer sun
The men had marched all day,
And now beside a rippling stream
Upon the grass they lay.

Tiring of games and idle jests,
As swept the hours along,
They called to one who mused apart,—
"Come, friend, give us a song."

"I fear I cannot please," he said:
"The only songs I know
Are those my mother used to sing
For me long years ago."

"Sing one of those," a rough voice cried:
"There's none but true men here;
To every mother's son of us
A mother's songs are dear."

Then sweetly rose the singer's voice
Amid unwonted calm,—
"Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?

"And shall I fear to own his cause" —
The very stream was stilled,
And hearts that never throbbed with fear
With tender thoughts were filled.

Ended the song; the singer said,
As to his feet he rose, —
"Thanks to you all, my friends: good-night,
God grant us sweet repose."

"Sing us one more," the captain begged:
The soldier bent his head,
Then glancing round, with smiling lips,
"You'll join with me," he said.

"We'll sing this old familiar air,
Sweet as the bugle call, —
'All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall.'"

Ah! wondrous was the old tune's spell
As on the singer sang:
Man after man fell into line,
And loud the voices rang.

The songs are done, the camp is still,
Naught but the stream is heard;
But ah! the depths of every soul
By those old hymns are stirred.

And up from many a bearded lip,
In whispers soft and low,
Rises the prayer the mother taught
The boy long years ago.

Mrs. E. V. Wilson.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

He is fallen! We may now pause before that splendid prodigy, which towered amongst us like some ancient ruin, whose frown terrified the glance its magnificence attracted.

Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne, a

sceptred hermit, wrapped in the solitude of his own originality.

A mind bold, independent, and decisive, a will despotic in its dictates, an energy that distanced expedition, and a conscience pliable to every touch of interest, marked the outline of this extraordinary character, — the most extraordinary, perhaps, that, in the annals of this world, ever rose or reigned or fell.

Flung into life in the midst of a revolution that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledged no superior, he commenced his course a stranger by birth, and a scholar by charity!

With no friend but his sword, and no fortune but his talents, he rushed into the lists where rank and wealth and genius had arrayed themselves; and competition fled from him as from the glance of destiny. He knew no motive but interest; he acknowledged no criterion but success; he worshipped no god but ambition, and with an Eastern devotion he knelt at the shrine of his idolatry. Subsidiary to this, there was no creed that he did not profess, there was no opinion that he did not promulgate; in the hope of a dynasty, he upheld the crescent; for the sake of a divorce, he bowed before the cross; the orphan of St. Louis, he became the adopted child of the republic; and with a parricidal ingratitude, on the ruins both of the throne and the tribune he reared the fabric of his despotism.

A professed Catholic, he imprisoned the Pope; a pretended patriot, he impoverished the country; and in the name of Brutus he grasped without remorse, and wore without shame, the diadem of the Cæsars!

Through this pantomime of his policy, Fortune played the clown to his caprices. At his touch, crowns crumbled, beggars reigned, systems vanished; the wildest theories took the color of his whim; and all that was venerable, and all that was novel, changed places with the rapidity of a drama. Even apparent defeat assumed the appearance of victory: his flight from Egypt confirmed his destiny; ruin itself only elevated him to empire.

But if his fortune was great, his genius was transcendent; decision flashed upon his counsels; and it was the same to decide and to perform. To inferior intellects, his combinations appeared perfectly impossible, his plans perfectly impracticable; but in his hands simplicity marked their development, and success vindicated their adoption.

His person partook the character of his mind: if the one never yielded in the cabinet, the other never bent in the field.

Nature had no obstacles that he did not surmount; space no opposition that he did not spurn; and whether amid Alpine rocks, Arabian sands, or polar snows, he seemed proof against peril, and empowered with ubiquity. The whole Continent of Europe trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs, and the miracle of their execution. Scepticism bowed to the prodigies of his performance; romance assumed the air of history; nor was there aught too incredible for belief, or too fanciful for expectation, when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica waving his imperial flag over the most ancient capitals. All the visions of antiquity became commonplaces in his contemplation; kings were his people, nations were his outposts; and he disposed of courts and crowns, and camps, and churches, and cabinets, as if they were the titular dignitaries of the chess-board.

Amid all these changes, he stood immutable as adamant. It mattered little whether in the field or the drawing-room, with the mob or the levee, wearing the Jacobin bonnet or the iron crown, banishing a Braganza or espousing a Hapsburg, dictating peace on a raft to the Czar of Russia, or contemplating defeat at the gallows of Leipsic — he was still the same military despot.

Cradled in the camp, he was to the last hour the darling of the army: and whether in the camp or the cabinet, he never forsook a friend or forgot a favor. Of all his soldiers, not one abandoned him, till affection was useless; and their first stipulation was for the safety of their favorite. They knew well that if he was lavish of them, he was prodigal of himself; and that if he exposed them to peril, he repaid them with plunder. For the soldier he subsidized everybody; to the people he made even pride pay tribute. The victorious veteran glittered with his gains; and the capital, gorgeous with the spoils of art, became the miniature metropolis of the universe. In this wonderful combination, his affectation of literature must not be omitted. The jailer of the press, he affected the patronage of letters; the proscriber of books, he encouraged philosophy; the persecutor of authors, and the murderer of printers, he yet pretended to the protection of learning! the assassin of Palm, the silencer of De Staël, and the denouncer of Kotzebue, he was the friend of David, the benefactor of De Lille, and sent his academic prize to the philosopher of England.

Such a medley of contradictions, and at the same time such an individual consistency, were never united in the same character. A royalist, a republican, and an emperor; a Mohammedan, a Catholic, and a patron of the synagogue; a subaltern and a sovereign, a traitor and a tyrant, a Christian and an infidel, — he was, through all his vicissitudes, the same stern, impatient, inflexible original; the same mysterious, incomprehensible self; the man without a model, and without a shadow.

His fall, like his life, baffled all speculation. In short, his whole history was like a dream to the world, and no man can tell how or why he was awakened from the revery.

That he has done much evil, there is little doubt; that he has been the origin of much good, there is just as little. Through his means, intentional or not, Spain, Portugal, and France have risen to the blessings of a free constitution; superstition has found her grave in the ruins of the Inquisition; and the feudal system, with its whole train of tyrannic satellites, has fled forever. Kings may learn from him that their safest study, as well as their noblest, is the interest of the people; the people are taught by him that there is no despotism so stupendous against which they have not a resource; and to those who would rise upon the ruins of both, he is a living lesson, that, if ambition can raise them from the lowest station, it can also prostrate them from the highest.

Charles P. Phillips.

COINS OF THE REALM.

THERE he stands
With idle hands,
Setting his back to the big beech-tree
That has been the pride of the old squire's lands
For the better part of a century;
And heaving a sigh, "O Lord," says he,
"Was ever a poor devil served like me?"

He's weary and hot;
Not a doit has he got
For a mug of beer, or a dish of tea;
For he's down on his luck, and he scruples not
To curse his stars with a big, big D;

"For it riles a man, so it do," says he,
"To be told, 'We give naught to a tramp like thee.'"

And oh, how fair
Is the scene just there,
As the sun sinks down in the purple sea!
But what does a famishing vagrant care
For the minor matter of scenery?
Then a bird pipes low. "O ho!" says he,
"*You've* wet your whistle, apparently!"

Each bitter word
Is overheard.
"Friend," says a voice, "whoe'er you be,
We've a shilling here, and the thing's absurd,
But we can't just find it, my dog nor me,
And we can't sup at all till we do," says he.

An odd thrill ran
Through the tempted man,
As he stooped for the thing he alone could see,
And his vitals cried for a foaming can;
"But I can't cheat a blind man yet," says he.
The dog's tail wagged admiringly;

"Here then, mate;
You may thank your fate
I once said my prayers at a mother's knee,
Though it's not much praying I've done of late
With the old hag Want at my throat," says he,
"And hunger's bad for morality."

"Lad, you're right
And a gentleman quite!"
The man with a shilling spake generously.
"We'll sup together, we will, this night;
The shilling will serve for three," says he.
The dog's tail dropped dejectedly.

"Hunger and thirst?
That's not the worst
A man must thole, ere his soul flies free;
And never you call your lot accurst
While you look God's world in the face," says he.
And they all turned in at the hostelry.

Temple Bar.

THE RAIN PRAYER.

Said Deacon Jones to his wife, "My dear,
There's goin' tew be a drouth, I fear;
Ef Providence doesn't send us rain,
There'll be small chance of harvest gain;
Ef you'll set a time of speshul prayer,
I'll stay outside and watch the air.
Mebbe 'twill rain this very day:
You was allus a master hand tew pray."

Into the house the good woman went;
Down on her willing knees she bent,
Without a doubt; she bowed her head,
And reverently her petition spread:
"Good Lord, if all the same to thee,
We would be glad to have a shower," prayed she:
"The corn is rusting, my flower-bed dry;
Oh, send us, Lord, a swift supply!"

A cloud that all day long had lain
Black in the west, now burst in twain;
Thunder and rain and lightning flew,
And a hurricane of tempest blew.
They saved the windows and doors; the roof
Went off its base, and soared aloof;
And the rain that followed laid the dust
By drenching the unjust and the just.

Then the good woman prayed, amid the clatter, —
"Lord, thou hast overdone the matter.
I only wanted the clouds to sizzle
The flower-beds with a gentle drizzle.
Now, wilt thou, please, call off the rain,
And put the roof on the house again;
And if we're to have this kind of weather,
I'd like it new shingled altogether!"

While the puzzled deacon could only say, —
"Well, wife is a master hand tew pray."

"BLAME IT ALL ON ME."

A GRAND crash, — a shower of flying splinters, — bump! bump! and the coaches settled back on the rails, and the passengers picked themselves up, and cried out to each other that there had been a collision.

So there had. Freight No. 17 was pulling in on the side track, but the day express thundered down on her while the long train was yet a third of its length on the main track.

Some one had blundered. Some one's watch was off time. Some one must be held responsible for the accident.

Under the overturned locomotive was the fireman, dead. Near him was the engineer, pinned down to the frozen earth by one of the drivers; and when he had been relieved, a doctor, who was among the passengers, knelt beside him, and said, —

"Arm broken, leg broken, foot crushed to a pulp. He cannot live."

Who had blundered? Who had disobeyed orders? The conductors of the two trains were comparing watches and orders, when the engineer beckoned them.

"I alone am to blame," he whispered. "I wasn't due here until 10.10, and it was just 10.05 when I struck the freight. I was ahead of time — running on her time."

"So it was, so it was," whispered the two conductors.

"This morning when I left home," continued the engineer, "the doctor was there. Our little Jennie — our five-year-old — was sick unto death. In her delirium she kept crying out, 'Don't go, papa! don't leave little Jennie to die!' It was like a knife in my heart to leave her, but go I must. I was leaving the house when the doctor put his hand on my shoulder, and said, 'Tom, my boy, by six o'clock to-morrow morning she'll either be dead or better.'

"What a long day this was to me!" he went on after a bit. "When I pulled out of the depot to-night, headed for home and Jennie, I wanted to fly. I kept giving her more steam, and I kept gaining on my time. We aren't due till seven, you know; but I wanted to be in at six — ay! an hour before that. When the thought came to me that Jennie might be dead when next I entered the door, I should have pulled the throttle wide open if the fireman hadn't grabbed my arm."

"Poor man!" they whispered, as he shuddered with pain, and seemed to be exhausted.

"Yes, blame it all on me," he whispered. "No. 17 had five minutes more to get in, and she'd have made it all right, but I stole her time. And now — and now —!"

He lay so quiet for a moment that the doctor felt for his heart to see if it still beat.

"And now — that's her — that's Jennie. She's beckoning — she's calling! Right down the track — over the high bridge — through the deep cut — I'm coming — coming!"

And men wiped tears from their eyes, and whispered, —

"He has found his child in death!"

Detroit Free Press.

THE GLADIATOR.

They led a lion from his den,
The lord of Afric's sun-scorched plain;
And there he stood, stern foe of men,
And shook his flowing mane.
There's not, of all Rome's heroes, ten
That dare abide this game.
His bright eye naught of lightning lacked;
His voice was like the cataract.

They brought a dark-haired man along,
Whose limbs with gyves of brass were bound;
Youthful he seemed, and bold, and strong,
And yet unscathed of wound.
Blithely he stepped among the throng,
And careless threw around
A dark eye, such as courts the path
Of him who braves a Dacian's wrath.

Then shouted the plebeian crowd,
Rang the glad galleries with the sound;
And from the throne there spake aloud
A voice, — "Be the bold man unbound!
And by Rome's sceptre yet unbowed,
By Rome, earth's monarch crowned,
Who dares the bold, the unequal strife,
Though doomed to death, shall save his life."

Joy was upon that dark man's face,
And thus with laughing eye spake he:
"Loose ye the lord of Zaara's waste,
And let my arms be free:
'He has a martial heart,' thou sayest;
But oh! who will not be
A hero, when he fights for life,
For home and country, babes and wife!

And thus I for the strife prepare;
The Thracian falchion to me bring:
But ask the imperial leave to spare
The shield, — a useless thing.
Were I a Samnite's rage to dare,
Then o'er me would I fling
The broad orb; but to lion's wrath
The shield were but a sword of lath."

And he has bared his shining blade,
And springs he on the shaggy foe:
Dreadful the strife, but briefly played;
The desert king lies low;
His long and loud death-howl is made;
And there must end the show.
And when the multitude were calm,
The favorite freedman took the palm.

"Kneel down, Rome's emperor beside!"
He knelt, that dark man; o'er his brow
Was thrown a wreath in crimson dyed;
And fair words gild it now:
"Thou art the bravest youth that ever tried
To lay a lion low:
And from our presence forth thou go'st
To lead the Dacians of our host."

Then flushed his cheek, but not with pride,
And grieved and gloomily spake he:
"My cabin stands where blithely glide
Proud Danube's waters to the sea:
I have a young and blooming bride,
And I have children three;
No Roman wealth or rank can give
Such joy as in their arms to live.

My wife sits at the cabin-door,
With throbbing heart and swollen eyes;
While tears her cheek are coursing o'er,
She speaks of sundered ties.
She bids my tender babes deplore
The death their father dies;
She tells these jewels of my home,
I bleed to please the rout of Rome.

I cannot let those cherubs stray
Without their sire's protecting care;
And I would chase the griefs away
Which cloud my wedded fair."
The monarch spoke; the guards obey;
And gates unclosèd are.
He's gone! No golden bribes divide
The Dacian from his babes and bride.

THE ARCHERY OF WILLIAM TELL.

"PLACE there the boy," the tyrant said;
"Fix me the apple on his head:
Ha! rebel, now
There is a fair mark for thy shaft;
There, try thy boasted archer craft!"
And hoarsely the dark Austrian laughed.
With quivering brow
The Switzer gazed; his cheek grew pale;
His bold lips throbbed, as if would fail
Their laboring breath.
"Ha! so ye blanch?" fierce Gesler cried:
"I've conquered, slave, thy soul of pride!"
No word to that stern taunt replied;
All still as death.
"And what the meed?" at length Tell asked.
"Bold fool! when slaves like thee are tasked,
It is MY WILL:
But, that thine eye may keener be,
And nerved to such nice archery,
If thou succeed'st thou goest free.
What! pause ye still?

Give him a bow and arrow there —
One shaft, — but one." Madness, despair,
And tortured love,
One moment swept the Switzer's face;
Then passed away each stormy trace,
And high resolve reigned like a grace
Caught from above.
"I take thy terms," he murmured low,
Grasped eagerly the proffered bow,
The quiver searched;
Chose out an arrow keen and long,
Fit for a sinewy arm and strong,
Placed it upon the sounding thong,
The tough yew arched.
Deep stillness fell on all around;
Through that dense crowd was heard no sound
Of step or word:
All watched with fixed and shuddering eye,
To see that fearful arrow fly;
The light wind died into a sigh,
And scarcely stirred.
The gallant boy stood firm and mute;
He saw the strong bow curved to shoot,
Yet never moved:
He knew that pale fear ne'er unmanned
The daring coolness of that hand;
He knew it was the father scanned
The boy he loved.
Slow rose the shaft; it trembled — hung —
"My only boy!" gasped on his tongue:
He could not aim!
"Ha!" cried the tyrant, "doth he quail?
He shakes! his haughty brow is pale!"
"Shoot!" cried a low voice; "canst thou fail?
Shoot, in Heaven's name!"
Again the drooping shaft he took,
Cast to the heaven one burning look,
Of all doubts reft:
"Be firm, my boy!" was all he said.
He drew the bow — the arrow fled —
The apple left the stripling's head.
"'Tis cleft! 'tis cleft!"
And cleft it was, and Tell was free.

Quick the brave boy was at his knee,
With flushing cheek.
But ere the sire his child embraced,
The baffled Austrian cried in haste, —
"An arrow in thy belt is placed:
What means it? speak!"
"To smite thee, tyrant, to the heart!
Had Heaven so willed it that my dart
Touched this my boy!"
"Treason! rebellion! chain the slave!"
A hundred swords around him wave;
And hate to Gesler's features gave
Infuriate joy.
They chained the Switzer, arm and limb;
They racked him till his eyes grew dim,
And reeled his brain:
Nor groan nor pain-wrung prayer gave he;
But smiled beneath his belt to see
That shaft whose point he swore should be
Not sped in vain!
And that one arrow found its goal,
Red with revenge, in Gesler's soul,
When Lucerne's lake
Heard him his felon soul out-moan;
And Freedom's call abroad was blown,
And Switzerland, a giant grown,
Her fetters brake.
From hill to hill the summons flew —
From lake to lake that tempest grew
With wakening swell —
Till balked oppression crouched in shame,
And Austrian haughtiness grew tame,
And freedom's watchword was — the name
Of William Tell!

Baine.

LASCA.

I WANT free life, and I want fresh air;
And I sigh for the canter after the cattle,
The crack of the whips like shots in a battle,
The melley of horns and hoofs and heads
That wars and wrangles and scatters and spreads;

The green beneath and the blue above,
And dash and danger, and life and love.

And Lasca!
Lasca used to ride
On a mouse-gray mustang close to my side,
With blue serape and bright-belled spur;
I laughed with joy as I looked at her!
Little knew she of books or of creeds;
An Ave Maria sufficed her needs;
Little she cared save to be by my side,
To ride with me, and ever to ride,
From San Saba's shore to Lavaca's tide.
She was as bold as the billows that beat,
She was as wild as the breezes that blow;
From her little head to her little feet,
She was swayed in her suppleness to and fro
By each gust of passion; a sapling pine,
That grows on the edge of a Kansas bluff,
And wars with the wind when the weather is rough,
Is like this Lasca, this love of mine.
She would hunger that I might eat,
Would take the bitter, and leave me the sweet;
But once, when I made her jealous for fun,
At something I'd whispered, or looked, or done,
One Sunday, in San Antonio,
To a glorious girl on the Alamo,
She drew from her garter a dear little dagger,
And — sting of a wasp! — it made me stagger!
An inch to the left, or an inch to the right,
And I shouldn't be maundering here to-night;
But she sobbed, and, sobbing, so swiftly bound
Her torn reboso about the wound,
That I quite forgave her. Scratches don't count
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

Her eye was brown, — a deep, deep brown;
Her hair was darker than her eye;
And something in her smile and frown,
Curled crimson lip, and instep high,
Showed that there ran in each blue vein,
Mixed with the milder Aztec strain,
The vigorous vintage of Old Spain.

She was alive in every limb
With feeling, to the finger-tips;
And when the sun is like a fire,
And sky one shining, soft sapphire,
One does not drink in little sips.

. . . . .

The air was heavy, the night was hot,
I sat by her side, and forgot — forgot;
Forgot the herd that were taking their rest,
Forgot that the air was close oppprest,
That the Texas norther comes sudden and soon,
In the dead of night or the blaze of noon;
That, once let the herd at its breath take fright,
Nothing on earth can stop the flight;
And woe to the rider, and woe to the steed,
Who falls in front of their mad stampede!

. . . . . .

Was that thunder? I grasped the cord
Of my swift mustang without a word.
I sprang to the saddle, and she clung behind.
Away! on a hot chase down the wind!
But never was fox-hunt half so hard,
And never was steed so little spared.
For we rode for our lives. You shall hear how we fared,
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The mustang flew, and we urged him on;
There was one chance left, and you have but one, —
Halt, jump to ground, and shoot your horse;
Crouch under his carcass, and take your chance;
And if the steers in their frantic course
Don't batter you both to pieces at once,
You may thank your star; if not, good-by
To the quickening kiss and the long-drawn sigh,
And the open air and the open sky,
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The cattle gained on us, and, just as I felt
For my old six-shooter behind in my belt,
Down came the mustang, and down came we,
Clinging together, and — what was the rest?
A body that spread itself on my breast,

Two arms that shielded my dizzy head,
Two lips that hard on my lips were prest;
Then came thunder in my ears,
As over us surged the sea of steers,
Blows that beat blood into my eyes,
And when I could rise —
Lasca was dead!

. . . . . .

I gouged out a grave a few feet deep,
And there in Earth's arms I laid her to sleep;
And there she is lying, and no one knows;
And the summer shines, and the winter snows;
For many a day the flowers have spread
A pall of petals over her head;
And the little gray hawk hangs aloft in the air,
And the sly coyoté trots here and there,
And the black snake glides and glitters and slides
Into a rift in a cottonwood tree;
And the buzzard sails on,
And comes and is gone,
Stately and still like a ship at sea.
And I wonder why I do not care
For the things that are, like the things that were.
Does half my heart lie buried there,
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande?

Frank Desprez.

A FLY'S COGITATIONS.

I WONDER what this man is doing. I'll just light on his bald head, and see if I can hear what is going on in his thinkery. What! Now, I wonder what he slapped his pate so savagely for. Why, the man must be crazy! I went away just as quick as I saw him raise his hand. Really, he could not complain of that. Maybe he thought I was intruding; but if so, he cannot say but that I lit out at his first hint. But he seems quiet enough now. Maybe his scalp itched, or something, and his movement had no reference to my being on it; so I guess I will try it again. What a nice old bald head this is, to be sure, only it's a trifle slippery. It would make a first-rate skating-rink. Guess I will try it. Whew!

Why, the man hit his head again! Funny way he has with him; and if I hadn't got out of the way just as I did, goodness only knows what might have happened me. He struck real hard; and if he had hit me, there is no knowing but that he might have hurt me. But maybe he hadn't any idea of hitting me I guess I'll just light on his nose, and see what the matter is with him. What! Why, he seems to be an awfully sensitive sort of a man, or else he has got a dreadful temper. Why, he actually hit his own nose a slap just because I crawled around on it a bit. Queer sort of a chap, anyway. Wonder if he thinks a fly has no rights in this world? Now I will try him in the ear. Ah! I have got him now! Good gracious! he came within an ace of hitting me that time. Wonder what he means, anyhow? I should think he was mad about something. I'll try his other ear, and see how he likes that. Ah! he don't seem to mind this one so much. Ah! by jingoes, he must have hurt himself that time, with that bat on the ear. But it's his ear, not mine, so what should I care? I think I'll fly around the room. See him flop and fling his arms around as though the air was full of flying demons. Funny, isn't it? He don't see me up here, but he is looking wildly around as though he wanted to fight somebody. Oh! I'll just try his temper a bit further; I'll get on where his hair is short behind. Ah! I'll fool around here in this stubble a while. Now he flops his handkerchief, but I don't care for that. I can get away from a demonstration of that kind every time. Now I have got him on the ear again, and once more he paws the air in the immediate vicinity, but I am out of harm's way, ha, ha! Now he is red in the face, — yes, he looks like a boiled lobster; and again he is dancing around the room, and swearing like a trooper! Now he has quieted down a trifle, and has resumed writing again! Ah! he smiles! Must be he has got on to an idea. I wonder what it is? I'll just take a quiet walk over that thinkery again, and maybe I can catch on to what it is. What in the world is he making his scalp go this way for? I would think he was trying to shake something off. Oh! I'll just get a grip on here, and hold on for a while. No, he can't shake me off; no, no! Ah! —

There was a resounding whack — that lively fly, oh! where was he?

Dead!

THE WIDOW O'SHANE'S RENT.

Whist, there! Mary Murphy, doan think me insane,
But I'm dyin' ter tell ye of Widder O'Shane;
She as lives in the attic nixt mine, doan ye know,
An' does the foine washin' fer ould Misther Schnow.

Wid niver a chick nor a child ter track in,
Her kitchen is always as nate as a pin;
An' her cap an' her apron is always that clane —
Och, a moighty foine gurrel is the Widder O'Shane.

An' wud ye belave me, on Sathurday night
We heard a rough stip comin' over our flight;
An' Mike, me ould man, he jist hollered to me,
"Look out av the door an' see who it moight be."

An' I looked, Mary Murphy, an' save me if there
Wusn't Thomas Mahone on the uppermost stair!
(He's the lan'lord. ye've seen him yerself, wid a cane),
An' he knocked on the door of the Widder O'Shane.

An' I whispered to Michael, "Now what can it mane
That his worship is calling on Widder O'Shane?"
(Rint day comes a Friday with us, doan ye see,
So I knew that it wusn't collictin' he'd be.)

"It must be she owes him some money fer rint,
Though the neighbors do say that she pays to the cint.
You take care of the baby, Michael Brady," says I,
"An' I'll pape through the keyhole, I will, if I die."

The howly saints bliss me! what shudn't I see
But the Widder O'Shane sittin' pourin' the tea!
An' the landlord wus there — Misther Thomas Mahone —
A-sittin' one side ov the table alone.

An' he looked at the Widder O'Shane, an' sez he,
"It's a privilege great that ye offer ter me;
Fer I've not sat down by a woman's side
Since I sat by her that I once called me bride.

An' is it ye're poor now, Widder O'Shane?
Ye're a dacent woman, tidy an' clane;
An' we're both av us here in the world alone —
Wud ye think of unitin' wid Thomas Mahone?"

Then the Widder O'Shane put the tea-kettle down,
An' she sez, "Misther Thomas, yer name is a crown,
I take it most gladly"— An' then me ould man
Hollered, "Bridget, cum in here quick as yer can!"

So then, Mary Murphy, I riz off that floor,
An' run into me attic, an' bolted the door;
An' I sez to me Michael, "Now, isn't it mane?
She'll have no rint to pay, will that Widder O'Shane!"

IN THE SURF.

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, as he stepped out of his bathing-house, and thumped on the door of the one occupied by Mrs. Spoopendyke, "are you ready? We must hurry into the water and out again, or we won't get through in time for dinner."

Mrs. Spoopendyke emerged, bent almost double, and shivering with the cold.

"Isn't it rather chilly?" she asked.

"Not at all, Mrs. Spoopendyke, not at all; the air is rather cool, but the water is warm. If you are going with me, you want to move along."

As they reached the beach, Mr. Spoopendyke left his wife, and boldly strode into the surf. A wave broke over him, filling his eyes, nose, ears, and mouth, and then he strode out.

"What're ye standing there for, eh?" he demanded. "What do you take yourself for, — a lighthouse? Did ye come down here to take a bath, or are ye waiting for some ship to tie up to you? What's the matter with you, anyway?"

"I'm afraid of the waves," whimpered Mrs. Spoopendyke, "they're so big."

"Oh! they're too big for you, ain't they?" retorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "Wait till I get a man to saw off a little

one. Better get measured for one to suit, hadn't you? It's the big waves you want, I tell you. Look here!" And Mr. Spoopendyke marched boldly into the sea again. He turned his face toward the shore, and beckoned to his wife. Another wave caught him, and landed him high and dripping on the beach.

"Why didn't ye come when I called ye? What d'ye want to make me walk all the way up here after you for?" shrieked Mr. Spoopendyke. "Are you waiting to be launched, like a ship? Can't ye walk as far as that? Now, look at me. See how I go in, and you follow me when I beckon to you. Watch me now."

Mr. Spoopendyke plunged in, and swashed around a few minutes in safety, but the treacherous water was biding its time. Another wave caught him, and rolled him over, pumped itself into his stomach, drew him under, whirled him around, and finally deposited him, howling, on the sand.

"Got most ready to get in?" he jerked out, as he climbed up himself and assumed a perpendicular. "Think I'm going to slam around all day like a waterspout, waiting for you? What did you come here for? Find any fun standing there like a soda-water sign? Why don't you get in the water, if you're going to? Come on now."

"I'm afraid," snivelled Mrs. Spoopendyke. "If I go in I know I will be drowned."

"No, you won't get drowned either. Can't you hold on to me? What are you doing around here? Now, when I get in again, you come along, or else you go home."

Mr. Spoopendyke plunged into the surf, but as he came up he missed the rope. For a second or two he sprawled around, and then began to yell. Mrs. Spoopendyke eyed him for a moment; and then her fear for him overcame her fears for herself, and with a yell she dashed in and hauled him out by the hair.

"Dod gast the water!" choked Mr. Spoopendyke. "I'm full of the measly stuff. So ye got in, didn't ye? Let go my hair, will ye? What d'ye think you are, anyway, a steam barber's-shop? Going to let go that hair some time?" But frightened out of all reason, Mrs. Spoopendyke clung still, and hauled Mr. Spoopendyke to his bathing-house.

"Oh, if I hadn't saved you!" she sobbed.

"Oh, yes! you saved me, didn't you?" sneered Mr. Spoo-

pendyke. "All you want is four air-tight compartments and two sets of thole-pins to be a patent life-raft. Going to let go of that hair?"

And as she released him they went to their separate compartments.

THAT FIRE AT THE NOLANS'.

It would have been evident to even the most careless and unobservant passer-by, that something had happened at the Nolans'. Not that there was any thing the matter with the house, for it bore no trace of disaster; but there were many signs which in Shantytown betoken either a fight, a funeral, or a fire. The Nolan mansion was the only building within six blocks that was built on the level of the street; it was, moreover, constructed of brick, and three stories high; decorated paper shades adorned its windows, and its door was emblazoned with a silver plate on which were the words, "Terence O'C. Nolan." On the particular morning in question, all the occupants of the surrounding whitewashed, patched, and propped-up shanties were gathered on the sidewalk in front of it. From the centre window in the second story, Thomas-à-Becket Nolan, aged four years, with his nose flattened against the glass, peered down at the excited groups below. Now and then he would breathe on the pane, and then draw strange characters over its misty surface with his small finger. He was the unconscious object of many remarks.

Old Mrs. Murphy, the centre of an interested knot of neighbors, was listened to with great respect because she had just come from within the house. Michael Coogan, presuming on the fact that he had married a sister of Dennis O'Connor, who was Mrs. Nolan's great-uncle, ascended the steps, and rang the bell.

"Stip in, Mr. Coogan," said Mrs. Nolan. "Good marnin' to yer. I suppose it's askin' afther Tirry ye are, an' the foire. Jist walk this way an' contimplate the destrooction."

"The *débree* ain't so much as removed from the flure," she explained as she held open the parlor door and allowed Mr. Coogan to survey the wreck inside the room. Everything in the apartment was broken, and soaked with water;

but strangely enough there were no stains of smoke or any other trace of fire to be seen. Pictures and ornaments were all completely demolished, and broken glass covered everything.

"Howly saints!" ejaculated Mr. Coogan, "phat an ixpinsive catashtrophe, Mrs. Nolan! It's a tirrible dimonstration yez must have had."

"Ah, that it wuz," she replied, sinking into a damp and mutilated rocking-chair. "Ter think of that bee-utiful Axminister carpet, an' those impoorted Daggystan roogs, an' our new Frinch mantel clock that had the gooldfish globe over it — all soppin' wet, an' shmashed to shmithereens. It 'ud be a tremingious calamity for anybody."

"Tremingious!" echoed Mr. Coogan in an awe-struck tone, "that it wud. An' how did the occurince evintuate, Mrs. Nolan?"

"It wuz all along av the new domistic an' those divilish greeners," began Mrs. Nolan in a somewhat agitated manner, shaking her head sadly. "Lasht wake, Katy, our ould gurrel that had bin wid us fer noine years, married a longshoreman, an' so I ingaged a domistic be the name af Mary Ann Reilly. She had lost two fingers aff av her lift hand, an' wuz rid-hidded an' pock-marked, but she wuz will ricom mended, an' so I tuk her at oncet. Tirry didn't loike the looks af her, at all, at all. 'Bridget,' sez he, 'her eyes are not shtraight,' sez he. 'I don't like google-eyed paple in the house,' sez he. 'Look out, or she'll be afther lookin' at ye or at Tummy, an' bewitchin' ye wid her ayvil eye,' sez he. But wud ye belave me, Mr. Coogan, she only looked crucked whin she wuz narvous or excoited, and *ginerally* her eyes wuz as shtraight as yer own in yer hid. She hadn't bin in the house over two days, d'ye moind, whin I dropped the flat-oiron on me fut, scalded me hand, an' broke two chiney dishes in wan mornin', and that same day Tommy got inter the kitchen an' eat up three pounds of raishons, an' wuz shriekin' wid epleptic convulsions all noight; so I began ter put some faith in her bewitchment mesilf."

"Roight for ye," said Mr. Coogan, nodding approvingly at Mrs. Nolan. "That wuz bad loock enough, so it was."

"Will, that wuz only the beginnin'," continued Mrs. Nolan. "The nixt thing wuz yisterday mornin' whin Tirry cum home wid a bashkit full o' little, round, green bottles. 'Phat's thim?' sez I. 'Is it Christmas-tree toys, or is it

patent midicine?'—'Nayther,' sez Tirry; 'it's a family foire departmint,' sez he. 'Since we have no tilegraft in the house,' sez he, 'an' insoorance is so expinsible, I've bin afther buyin' some han' greenades ter put out foires wid.'—'Is it limonade is in 'em, did yer say?' sez I. 'No,' sez he. 'They're greenades, Bridget. The bottles is green, an' they aid ye ter put out a foire,' sez he. So Tirry hung up wan dozen bottles in the parlor near the dure (where that woire rack is, Mr. Coogan), an' instroocted Mary Ann how to ix-tinguish foires wid thim, by trowin' thim at the flames."

"Is it base-ball that it is?" inquired Mr. Coogan.

"No, loike stonin' goats, more," said Mrs. Nolan, and then she resumed her narrative. "Lasht avenin', the lamp wuz lit on the table, Tummy wuz playin' by the winder, an' me husband wuz takin' his convanience in his arrum-chair, wid his back to the dure. *I* wuz sittin' near the table a-readin' the mornin' *Hurruld*, an' Tummy all av a suddent lit the winder-shade run up near the top. 'Mudder,' sez he, 'the b'yes have made a big bonfoire in the lot opposite,' sez he. An' from where I sat I could see the reflixion av a blazin' tar-barrel in the loockin'-glass over the mantelpace. Jist thin, the dure opined behind me, and Mary Ann come in. *She* saw the reflixion too, an' yelled, '*Foire!*' loike bloody murder. I turns round to look at her, and she wuz trimblin' wid oxcoitemint, an' as google-eyed as a crab. '*Foire!*' yells she, an' wid that she grabs a bottle of greenade, an' lets it fly. *Smash!* goes the bottle, an' doon come our twinty-dollar ingraving av St. Patrick drivin' the shnakes out of Ireland. *Crash!* goes another, and over comes the clock. 'Hullup!' shouts Tirry, an' got out of his chair, but *whang*, wan of the greeners hits him in the hid an' busts all over him. Wid that he fell spacheless on the flure, an' I thought he wuz kilt entoirely. Tummy crawled under the sofa, an' I scrouched doon behind the table. All this toime that cross-eyed Mary Ann wuz screeching '*Foire! foire!*' an' plooggin' them bottles av greenade round the room. *Bang!* wan hits the vase full av wax fruit, that Tirry got at the fair. *Slam!* another puts out the loight, an' clears the lamp off the table, an' she foired the rist af the dozen bottles, roight an' lift, *whang! smash!* round in the dark. The glass wuz crashin', and the greenade stoof was splatterin' an' splashin' an' tricklin' all over the wall an' furnitoor."

"Mother o' Moses!" interrupted Mr. Coogan. "It's

bushels of glass there is iverywhere. How did it ind, Mrs. Nolan?"

"The b'yes over in the lot heard the scraychin' an' crashin', and they smothered their foire, an' come and bust in the front dure, ter see the foight they thought it wuz. Tirry is in bid, wid a poultice on his hid; an' Mary Ann is a-sittin' in the kitchen, paceable as a lamb, lookin' at the ind av her nose fer occypation. She can pack up an' lave this viry day. As fer that young sphalpeen av a Tummy, he ought ter be licked fer littin' up the winder-shade. Take my advoice, Mr. Coogan, an' trust to the foiremin or an ould-fashioned pail av water, an' don't be afther buyin' flasks av cologny-perfume to put out foires wid."

"Ye're roight, Mrs. Nolan," replied Mr. Coogan. "That's sinsible information; an' I'll niver be google-eyed, nayther."

Life.

NINETY-EIGHT.

WHO fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?
Who blushes at the name?
When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
Who hangs his head for shame?
He's all a knave, or half a slave,
Who slights his country thus;
But a *true* man, like you, man,
Will fill your glass with us!

We drink the memory of the brave,
The faithful and the few:
Some lie far off beyond the wave,
Some sleep in Ireland too;
All, all are gone; but still lives on
The fame of those who died;
All true men, like you, men,
Remember them with pride!

Some on the shores of distant lands
Their weary hearts have laid,
And by the stranger's heedless hands
Their lonely graves were made;

But though their clay be far away
Beyond the Atlantic foam,
In true men, like you, men,
Their spirit's still at home.

The dust of some is Irish earth;
Among their own they rest,
And the same land that gave them birth
Has caught them to her breast.
And we will pray that from their clay
Full many a race may start
Of true men, like you, men,
To act as brave a part!

They rose in dark and evil days,
To right their native land;
They kindled here a living blaze
That nothing shall withstand.
Alas that might should vanquish right!
They fell and passed away;
But true men, like you, men,
Are plenty here to-day.

Then here's their memory! may it be
For us a guiding light,
To cheer our strife for liberty,
And teach us to unite.
Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,
Though sad as theirs your fate;
And true men be you, men,
Like those of Ninety-Eight!

HE WASN'T READY.

Old Isaac was, or rather believed himself to be, a very devout Christian, "wrestled" much in prayer; and it was his custom at night, when his work was over, to retire to his cabin, and devote himself to worship until bedtime. These exercises were carried on in so loud a tone as to be heard by all the persons on the farm, white and black; and old Isaac's

earnest and frequent announcements that he was always ready to meet his "Lawd" had been so often heard that some rascally boys concluded to have some fun, and at the same time test Isaac's faith. One night, therefore, while old Isaac was under full headway in his exercises, —

"O Lawd! we know dy long suf'rin fur dis beni'ted sinner, but we feel, O Lawd, dat in dy love we will be spahed dy vangins and raf. We are always reddy, Lawd, at dy biddin, to cum to de, and to meet dy angel Gabr'el. Send him, O Lawd! wid his shinin' trumpit, his robes ov glory, and his crown ov life, and take dy poh sahvant into dy vineyard" —

"Is-a-ac! Is-a-ac!" came in deep, sepulchral tones down the chimney.

"Amen!" softly said Isaac, closing his prayer abruptly, and rising with fear and trembling.

"Is-a-ac! Is-a-ac!" came the still dreadful tones.

"Who-ho-ho's dat?" stammered the awe-stricken negro.

"The — angel — of — the — Lord — has — come — for — Isaac!" came in slow, solemn tones, with measured emphasis, from the darkness outside.

Isaac hesitated, and then, with a show of enforced courage, it came, —

"De Lawd bless you, dat old nigger hain't been here fur a week!"

CURLY-HEAD.

WHAT are yer askin', stranger, about that lock o' har
That's kep' so nice and keerful in the family Bible thar?
Wal, then, I don't mind tellin', seein' as yer wants ter know.
It's from the head of our baby. Yes, that's him. — Stand up, Joe.

Joe is our only baby, nigh on ter six foot tall;
And he'll be one-and-twenty comin' this next fall.
But he can't yet beat his daddy in the hay-field or the swales,
A-pitchin' on the wagon, or splittin' up the rails.

For I was a famous chopper, jest eighteen year ago,
When this strange thing happened, that came to me and Joe.
Curly-head we called him then, sir · his hair is curly yet,
But them long silky ringlets I never shall forget.

Them was tough times, stranger, when all around was new,
And all the kentry forests, with only "blazes" through.
We lived in the old log-house then, Sally and me and Joe,
In the old Black-river country, whar we made our clearin' show.

Wal, one day I was choppin' nigh to our cabin door,—
A day that I'll remember till kingdom come and more,—
And Curly-head was playin' around among the chips;
A beauty, if I do say it, with rosy cheeks and lips.

I don't know how it happened; but quicker'n I can tell,
Our Curly-head had stumbled, and lay thar whar he fell
On the log that I was choppin', with his yellow curls outspread;
And the heavy axe was fallin' right on his precious head;

The next thing, I knew nothin', and all was dark around.
When I come to, I was lyin' stretched out thar on the ground;
And Curly-head was callin', "O daddy, don't do so!"
I caught him to my bosom, my own dear little Joe.

All safe, sir. Not a sliver had touched his little head;
But one of his curls was lyin' thar on the log outspread.
It lay whar the axe was stickin', cut close by its sharpened edge;
And what then was my feelin's, per'aps, sir, you can jedge.

I took the little ringlet, and pressed it to my lips;
Then I kneeled down and prayed, sir, right thar on the chips.
We put it in the Bible, whar I often read to Joe,—
"The hairs of your head are numbered;" and, sir, I believe it's so.

B. S. Brooks

I VASH SO GLAD I VASH HERE!

A HUMOROUS RECITATION.

One who does not believe in immersion for baptism was holding a protracted meeting, and one night preached on the subject of baptism. In the course of his remarks he said that some believe it necessary to go down into the water, and come up out of it, to be baptized. But this he claimed to be fallacy; for the preposition "into" of the Scripture should be rendered differently, as it does not mean *into* at all times. "Moses," he said, "we are told, went up into the mountain; and the Saviour was taken up into a high mountain, etc. Now, we do not suppose either went into a mountain, but went unto it. So with going down into the water: it means simply going down close by or near to the water, and being baptized in the ordinary way by sprinkling or pouring." He carried this idea out fully, and in due season closed his discourse, when an invitation was given for any one so disposed to rise and express his thoughts. Quite a number of his brethren arose and said they were glad they had been present on this occasion, that they were well pleased with the sound sermon they had just heard, and felt their souls greatly blessed. Finally, a corpulent gentleman of Teutonic extraction, a stranger to all, arose and broke the silence that was almost painful, as follows: —

"Mister Breacher, I is so glad I vash here to-night, for I has had explained to my mint some dings dat I neffer could pelief before. Oh, I is so glad dat into does not mean into at all, but shust close by or near to; for now I can pelief many dings vot I could not pelief pefore. We reat, Mr. Breacher, dat Taniel vash cast into de ten of lions, and came out alife. Now I neffer could pelief dat, for wilet peasts would shust eat him right off; but now it is fery clear to my mint He vash shust close py or near to, and tid not get into de ten at all. Oh, I ish so glad I vash here to-night! Again, we reat dat de Heprew children vash cast into de firish furnace, and dat always look like a peeg story too, for they would have been purnt up; but it ish all blain to my mint now, for dey was shust cast py or close to de firish furnace. Oh, I vash so glad I vash here to-night! And den, Mr. Breacher, it ish said dat Jonah vash cast into

de sea, and taken into de whale's pelly. Now I neffer could pelief dat. It alwish seemed to me to be a peeg fish story, but it ish all blain to my mint now. He vash not into de whale's pelly at all, but shump onto his pack and rode ashore. Oh, I vash so glad I vash here to-night!

"And now, Mr. Breacher, if you will shust exblain two more bassages of Scriptures, I shall be oh, so happy dot I vash here to-night. One of dem ish vere it saish de vicked shall be cast into a lake dat burns mit fire and primstone alwish. Oh, Mr. Breacher, shall I be cast into dat lake if I am vicked, or shust close py or near to — shust near enough to be comfortable? Oh, I hope you tell me I shall be cast only shust py a good vays off, and I will pe so glad I vash here to-night. De oder bassage is dat vich saish, blessed are they who do these commandments, dat dey may have right to de dree of life, and enter in droo de gates of de city, and not shust close py or near to, — shust near enough to see vat I have lost, — and I shall pe so glad I vash here to-night!"

SOMEBODY'S PRIDE.

PLUME on his helmet, and sword to the shoulder,
Sound the advance! Never call the retreat!
Some are as fair: not a man can look bolder,
Reining his charger to ride down the street.
Up with the windows! the regiment passes;
Glory will crown the old colors that droop;
Love lights the eyes and the lips of the lassies;
Somebody nods to the Pride of the Troop.

Dust on his helmet, and sword that is broken;
Sound the recall to the scattering men!
Victory wavers, with death for its token;
Hundreds return to us. Where are the ten?
Lone in her chamber a maiden is weeping;
Eyes that have sparkled, with sorrow can droop;
Dead on the battle-field, heroes are sleeping;
Somebody prays for the Pride of the Troop.

Laurel on helmet, a sword that is rusted;
Gather the women, and marshal the men!
Honor is due to the soldiers we trusted;
Cheer for the hundred, but weep for the ten!
Out from the crowd a young maiden is lifted, —
Lifted on shoulders that gallantly stoop;
Tears are forgotten, and sorrow has drifted;
Somebody kisses the Pride of the Troop.

Clement Scott.

THE TEAR OF REPENTANCE.

FROM "LALLA ROOKH."

One morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood, disconsolate;
And as she listened to the springs
Of life within, like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings
Through the half-open portal glowing,
She wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place.

"How happy,' exclaimed this child of air,
"Are the holy spirits who wander there,
'Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall!
Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
One blossom of heaven out-blooms them all!"

The glorious angel who was keeping
The gates of light beheld her weeping;
And, as he nearer drew and listened,
A tear within his eyelids glistened.
"Nymph of a fair but erring line!"
Gently he said, "one hope is thine.
'Tis written in the book of fate,
The Peri yet may be forgiven
Who brings to this eternal gate
The gift that is most dear to Heaven!
Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin:
'Tis sweet to let the pardoned in!"

Rapidly as comets run
To the embraces of the sun,
Down the blue vault the Peri flies,
And, lighted earthward by a glance
That just then broke from morning's eyes,
Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.

Over the vale of Baalbec winging,
The Peri sees a child at play,
Among the rosy wild-flowers singing,
As rosy and as wild as they;
Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,
The beautiful blue damsel-flies
That fluttered round the jasmine stems,
Like winged flowers or flying gems:
And near the boy, who, tired with play,
Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
She saw a wearied man dismount
From his hot steed, and on the brink
Of a small temple's rustic fount
Impatient fling him down to drink.

Then swift his haggard brow he turned
To the fair child, who fearless sat, —
Though never yet hath day-beam burned
Upon a brow more fierce than that, —
Sullenly fierce, a mixture dire,
Like thunder-clouds of gloom and fire,
In which the Peri's eye could read
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed.

Yet tranquil now that man of crime
(As if the balmy evening time
Softened his spirit) looked and lay,
Watching the rosy infant's play;
Though still, whene'er his eye by chance
Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance
Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,
As torches that have burnt all night
Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But hark! the vesper call to prayer,
As slow the orb of daylight sets,
Is rising sweetly on the air
From Syria's thousand minarets.
The boy has started from his bed
Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
And down upon the fragrant sod
Kneels, with his forehead to the south,
Lisping the eternal name of God
From purity's own cherub mouth;
And looking, while his hands and eyes
Are lifted to the glowing skies,
Like a stray babe of paradise,
Just lighted on that flowery plain,
And seeking for its home again!

And how felt he, the wretched man,
Reclining there, while memory ran
O'er many a year of guilt and strife
That marked the dark flood of his life,
Nor found one sunny resting-place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace?
"There was a time," he said in mild,
Heart-humbled tones, "thou blessed child!
When young and haply pure as thou,
I looked and prayed like thee; but now" —
He hung his head; each nobler aim
And hope and feeling which had slept
From boyhood's hour, that instant came
Fresh o'er him, and he wept — he wept!

And now! behold him kneeling there,
By the child's side in humble prayer,
While the same sunbeam shines upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim through heaven
The triumph of a soul forgiven!

'Twas when the golden orb had set,
While on their knees they lingered yet,
There fell a light — more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star —

Upon the tear that, warm and meek,
Dewed that repentant sinner's cheek.
To mortal eye this light might seem
A northern flash or meteor beam;
But well the enraptured Peri knew
'Twas a bright smile the angel threw
From heaven's gate, to hail that tear,—
Her harbinger of glory near!

"Joy! joy!" she cried; "my task is done!
The gates are passed, and heaven is won."

Moore.

THE OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.

How dear to my heart is the loose Mother Hubbard!
Why can't the authorities let it alone?
'Twas worn by the matron who went to the cupboard
One day, to procure for her doggie a bone.
And if a staid matron could wear such a garment,
Why is it indecent if worn by a belle?
I vow I will wear it; there's really no harm in't,—
The loose Mother Hubbard that suits me so well.
The sweet Mother Hubbard, the gay Mother Hubbard,
The frilled Mother Hubbard, that suits me so well.

The garment is graceful,—no one can deny it,—
Enhancing the charms of the matron and maid.
Then why should those Illinois deacons decry it?
Of multiplied graces they're surely afraid.
Unlaced and unbelted, so cool and so breezy,
Within its loose folds it delights me to dwell;
No garment I've worn feels so light and so easy,—
The sweet Mother Hubbard that suits me so well.
The dear Mother Hubbard, the frilled Mother Hubbard,
The neat Mother Hubbard, that suits me so well.

What though it is frilled at the neck and the shoulders,
And looks like a garment that's worn in the night?
Its drapery so graceful enchants all beholders,
And beaux view its pretty lace frills with delight;

The garment's a symphony sweet in apparel,
Though shapeless, and wanting in rhythmical swell;
I'll wear it, though in it I look like a barrel, —
The dear Mother Hubbard that suits me so well.
The gay Mother Hubbard, the sweet Mother Hubbard,
The frilled Mother Hubbard, that suits me so well.

THE UNITED ORDER OF HALF-SHELLS.

"My vhife all der time says to me, 'Carl Dunder, if you vhas to be kilt by a butcher-cart or ice-wagon, or if some shteamboat plow you oop on de river, I left mit no money. Vhy doan' you pe insured mit your life?'

"Vhell, I tinks about dot a good deal. It vhas my duty dot my vhife und Katie doan' go mit der poorhouse if I can help it, und I tink it vhas pest to get some insurance. I shpeak to my frendt, Shon Plazes, vhas about it, und Shon he says, —

"'Of course you vhant insurance. You come into my lodge of der United Order of Half-shells. Dot vhas an order which only cost one dollar a year, und if you die your family puts on shtyle mit der ten thousand dollar in green-packs. I calls a meeting right avhay mit your saloon, und we put you through like some streaks of greased lightning.'

"Vhell, I goes home and tells der old vhomans, und she says dot vhas O. K. She doan's like to see me die; but if some shmall-pox or yellow-fever comes to Detroit, und takes me avay, she likes to haf a long funeral procession, und build me a grave-stone vhich reads dot Carl Dunder vhas a goot husband, a kind fadder, und dot he vhas gone to heaven only a leedle vhile before he vhas ready. I shpeak to my daughter Katie, und she sheds some tears und dells me dot she looks as cute as an angel in some mourning gloze for me. So it vhas all right, und I sweep out my saloon, und about twenty men come in dot eafnings to make me a Half-shell.

"Oxcuse me if I vhas madt, und use some words like a pirate. My frendt, Shon Plazes, vas dhere mit a red cap on his head, und a voice so solemn dot I feels chills go up my pack. He calls de meeting to order, and says I like to shoine and become a Half-shell.

"'Does he like peer?' asks some mans in the gorner.

"'He does,' said Shon Plazes.

"'Und so do we!' yells all der meeting, and Shon says I was to come down mit der peer. Dot was nineteen glasses.

"Den Shon Plazes, he reads from a pook mit a plue cover dot man vhas dying efery day so fast dot you can't count 'em, or somedins like dot, und he calls oudt, —

"'What shall safe dis man?'

"Und eaferpody yells, 'Lager peer!' Dot means, I set him oop again, und dot vhas nineteen glasses more. Den two men take me und vhalk me all aroundt, und Shon Plazes he cries oudt, —

"'Ve vhas here to-day und gone to-morrow! In der midnight, when eaferpody vhas ashleep, a tief comes und shteals our life away! What keeps dot tief afar off?'

"Und eaferpody groans oudt like he vhas dying, 'Cool lager!' Dot means I was to set 'em oop again, und dot vhas nineteen glasses more. Den Shon Plazes he leads me twice around und says, —

"'Carl Dunder, you tinks you vhas made a Half-shell already, but you vhas mistaken. Put out your left handt. Dot vhas goot. Now, my frendt, vhat vas der foundation stone of liberty, equality, und brotection?'

"Und eaferpody lifs oop his voice und groans out, 'All der lager a man vhants!' Dot means, I vhas to tap a fresh keg; und I believe dot growd drinks more as forty glasses. I doan' like it so previous like. I didn't, but my frendt Shon Plazes tells me to lie down on der table on my pack, und shut my eyes. Vhen I vhas in bosition he hit me three dimes mit his fist in der stomach, und cries oudt, —

"'When he vhas alife he vhas kind mit der boor; vhen he vhas death, we forgot his faults. Brudders, vhat vhas der great brinciple dot leads to charity und penevolence?'

"Und eaferpody shumps to his feet und yells out, 'Some more lager and cigars!' Vhell, I set 'em oop once more, und den I vhas so madt dot I take my glub und clean dot crowd oudt mit der street. I belief he vas a fraud on me. I belief Shon Plazes tells all der poys, und it vhas a put-up shob. I lose my peer and cigars, und somebody carries off more as ten bottles of vhiskey from my par, und I vhas no more a Half-shell as yoo are. If dot vhas some vhey to insure me so dat my vhife und Katie haf some mourning goods, und

puy me a grave-stone mit a lamp on top, I go out of pollytics right avay. Oxcuse me dot I shed some tears, und kick oafer der shairs und tables, for I vhas madt like some cats on a gloze-line."

HARRY BRANDON.

OFFICER, bring up your prisoner! Be quick and make the charge.
Drunkards and bums like him should never be at large.
Look at the wretched creature, covered with filth and rags,
Reeking with fumes of stale beer, companion for old hags
That wallow in the gutter, lost to all sense of shame.
Swear out your affidavit. What do you say's his name?
What's that? Harry Brandon? "Dead drunk," you say, "last night"?
That name takes back my memory to the thickest of the fight,
When I led my men at Malvern Hill. Oh, it was a glorious day!
The last of seven, fighting; but we kept the rebs at bay.
How they fought, those Southerners, and shed their blood like rain!
Such bravery was ne'er seen before, nor will ever be again.
We'd masked our right within the pines, just at the break of day,
Waiting, with grape and canister, the charge of the boys in gray;
They, like a mighty avalanche, came rushing o'er the plain;
We mowed them down with shell and shot, but they closed and charged again.
Our color-sergeant lost our flag in the thickest of the fight;
The demon yell of those Southern men filled every soul with fright;
Yet still we met those warriors with cannon, sword, and gun,
With sabre-slash and bayonet-thrust, until the day was won.
And he who brought the flag back, the hero of that day,
Was noble Harry Brandon. Now, what have you to say?
And why does such a tramp as you steal an honest name,—
His who saved his regiment from a soldier's deadly shame?

For if we'd lost our dear old flag, though we'd killed a thousand men,
Our glory would have vanished never to return again.
Speak up, and stop that mumbling! — it's no use crying here, —
Or I'll send you up for twelve months, as sure's my name is Greer."
"Wait, your Honor," said the prisoner: "I'm a little off my head,
My brain is rather muddled What was that you said
About Malvern Hill and Seven Pines? Ah, yes, I remember now!
Well, I was in those battles. See this scar across my brow?
And though in rags, a drunkard, and in this sorry plight,
I got the flag back from the rebs at the bloody Malvern fight.
And my name *is* Harry Brandon, and your Honor I defy,
Although I am a bummer, to say I tell a lie!"
"Yes, that's Brandon's voice! Sergeant, set him free:
I'll not be the magistrate that on him would turn a key.
Send a comrade to the island? Commit him to the pen?
What would my country say if thus I served the men
Who, in the hour of trouble, were never known to lag?
Brandon, come sit beside me. *You* saved our battle-flag?"

Edmund E. Price.

POST NUMBER THREE.

Well, Nancy, I've been to the village to-night,
To the camp-fire of old Number Three;
And I felt as young, and my heart was as light,
As the day when we marched from Fondee.
I forgot that my hair had been touched with the frost,
That I had forty rounds of years;
And the old empty sleeve on my blue jacket crossed
Was baptized with a veteran's tears.

Well, perhaps I was foolish to laugh and to cry
When I met the old comrades again;
But you know another just as foolish, when I
Was brought here from Antietam's red plain.

There's a band between soldiers that banishes pride,
And shows all the man in the man;
And their love overflows like the flood of the tide
As it covers the shell-jewelled sand.

Who was there? Let me see. Why, brave-hearted Jake,
Who saved me that night from the foe
When I stood on lone picket far down in the brake,
Just twenty-four summers ago.
And this evening, when he said, smiling, to me,
"Come, John, we stand picket to-night,"
I replied, "Sergeant John, our next picket will be
By the shadowless mountains of light."

And the "captain" was there, — old Captain Ben Shed.
I'd have died for that man the day
When he led where we followed, we followed where lead
Mowed wide swaths in our ranks, from the Gray.
He wore an old rusty stove-pipe to-night,
And a farmer's coarse frock so plain;
But my hand went up in salute at his sight, —
Farmer Ben was my captain again.

And old Chaplain Brown, with his hair as white
As the horse that he rode at the ford,
When he led on the men in that midnight fight
When the Bible was changed for the sword, —
Came down from the city to see his old "church,"
As he called all the boys in those days —
A rather tough "charge," but you'd make a long search
To find brethren more worthy of praise.

There was little Drummer Tim, now six feet or more,
With his drum that he carried all through;
And he rolled out the flams just the same as before,
To the fifing of Stuttering Hugh.
Why, the boys fell in line when the "long roll" was beat;
And so hungry the "dinner" made all;
Some wanted to pull off their boots at "retreat,"
And grew pale at the "surgeon's call."

And when we sat down to the supper at last,
I noticed a gray-bearded man
Took a seat at my side at the table, and cast
A look at this mark of Redan.
And says he to me, "Is your name John Beers,
And didn't your wife's brother go out
From this place in the old Forty-fourth Volunteers,
In July, sixty-two, or there-about?

And when I told him that poor Tom was the same
That was killed in the Gettysburg fight;
That a monument stood with his age and the name,
Right there through the windows in sight, —
He said he'd a message for Tom's sister, — for you, —
The last one that you ever would know;
For he stood by his side in the battle, when true
He fell in front of the foe.

And, Nancy, I've brought him right home here to-night;
For I knew you'd be longing to hear
The last loving message of Tom from that fight, —
Poor Tom, who to us was so dear.
Come, comrade, come in. — Ah! here he is now.
Yes, this is Tom's sister. Your name?
Well, well, never mind: take a chair; you'll allow
For those tears, for her love is the same.

Hallo! what's the matter? Why, wife, are you mad?
Going clawing at a stranger that way?
'Tis your brother, you say! Well, well, not so bad,
The joke that we managed to play!
What, laughing and crying? Why, it's foolish in you,
Just like the old comrades and me.
But I guess you'll remember the night when we two
Came home from old Post Number Three.

Sherman D. Richardson.

BRIDGET MCRAE'S WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

HOW SHE CELEBRATED THAT SAME.

'Tis jist tin years ago, my Mike,
Since you and me was wed;
Whin common folks make widdins like,
Of tin or wood or lead.

In troth, we are more sinsible,
A cosey hour to pass,
So now jist faix your gaping mouth
For whiskey from this glass.

Yez ricolect, my darlint Mike,
Tin years ago to-night,
Ye sware protiction till ye'd die,
And dared the wourld to fight.

With eyes so blue, and cheeks so red,
My face a lord might suit;
Ye vowed ye'd shoot the bla'gard through
Who would that same dispute.

Ah, will, in troth ye say it, b'y,
I was a han'sum girl;
So here's a glass filled to yer j'y,
And blissings on yer sowl.

Och! mind yer, Mike, the eye yer give
To sootherin Pat one day?
'Twas thin I give my troth to have
My Michael McRae.

And, Mike, yer did protict me well —
By work and batings too —
From losing heaven by spinding all
My silly love on you.

Come, take anither glass, my b'y,
Mysilf will drink to Pat,
For sure he had a winning way,
And — wurrur! what is that?

Och! villain, see, ye've blacked my eye!
I'm murthered, och! Perlice!
Shtop bating me! they'll take ye, b'y,
For kaping not the pace.

Och! niver run, but hide yoursil'
Here in this impty chist.
— Ah! come ye gintlemen for ill
To Mike? he's gone out, jist!

"Yez heard a woman call," did yez?
Shure this 's a counthrie free;
And can't a man bate what is his,
Nor cilibrate the day?

Do now begone, ye varmint race;
But hist! I promise ye
That Mike and me will kape the pace,
If now ye'll let us be.

— Come out and take anither thrate,
These gints are gone, my Mike:
Our widdin may we cilibrate
Nixt ten years as we like.

Nina Gray.

A FREE BREAKFAST.

A LONELY woman sat in a room
That was small and cold and bare,
With no one to speak a kindly word,
Or her frugal meal to share;
And read as she worked of the generous deeds
That are done for the homeless poor;
And she sighed as she laid the record down, —
"*I* have not to *do*, but *endure*."

The fog was filling the narrow street,
And the gloom was everywhere;
There was not a ray of cheerfulness,
Nor a merry sound in the air;
And a little child 'neath the window stopped,
And began to quietly cry,
With a weary hopelessness sad to see:
"Why does not the child pass by?"

The woman tapped at the window-pane,
And the child moved up to the door,
And stood a little more sullenly,
And as cheerlessly as before.
And the woman's eyes grew pitiful:
"If I were rich," she said,
"I would take from my store of treasure now,
And the child should be comforted."

She opened the door, and held the child:
"Why are you waiting so?"
"I am doing no harm: the school is shut;
When it opens I shall go."
"Have you had any breakfast yet, my child?"
The pale face flushed as she said, —
"My father has had no work to do,
And we all are wanting bread."

Poor was the woman, and old, and cross;
But her face and her heart grew bright,
As she took the little one into her home,
And watched with a pure delight
How she ate the food, and drank, and was warm,
Then merrily ran away,
With a word of thanks and a look of love
That the woman felt all day.

And music mingled among the sounds,
And a half-forgotten truth
Came nestling into the weary heart
With almost the joy of youth;
And the little deed brought a great reward,
And she whispered, "Can it be
That the gentle Lord is saying the word,
'Thou hast done it unto me'?"

Marianne Farningham, in Christian World.

A HOUSEHOLD FAIRY.

(TWO CHARACTERS — LADY AND GENTLEMAN.)

SCENE. — *An apartment, the furniture of which is reduced to one handsome, high-backed chair; an escritoire,* L. C., *and a small table; door in flat,* L. C. *window,* L.; *doors* R. *and* L.; *cupboard in flat,* R. C.; *fireplace,* R.; JULIAN DE CLIFFORD *discovered sitting at the escritoire, writing, and smoking a cigar; a case of pistols at his side.*

JULIAN (*reading as he writes*). "To you, Charlotte, my first, my only love, do I intrust the fulfilment of my last wishes. When this reaches you, I shall have relieved myself of a life I would gladly have consecrated to you, could I have been base enough to purchase my happiness at the price of yours. For weeks have I hung on to this wretched existence, in expectation of being my dying aunt's heir. That aunt is dead, and I remain a beggar. A De Clifford a beggar! the words are incompatible! it must not be! I die at one P.M. precisely" (*rises and comes forward*). There, it is over, and what other course remained to me? I have done all that a man — that is to say, a gentleman — could do, and what man — that is to say, what gentleman — could do more? My resources are nearly dried up; my clothes are almost worn out, — my credit was worn out long ago, — my furniture has disappeared chair by chair. I breakfasted on the proceeds of my last pair of dress boots yesterday. I have swallowed the fire-irons and fender (in a transmuted state, of course), and dined off my dinner-table in a fashion not originally intended; but tables, even round tables, have an end to them, and soon my sole remaining chair must die a death of lingering consumption! Why should I wrestle with fate? The De Cliffords never attempted to wrestle with fate; and I, the last of their line, have no taste for such athletic exercise. It is true I might seek assistance from friends, or obtain a meagre subsistence from my sketches. But the De Cliffords cannot beg; a De Clifford cannot labor for a livelihood — from which some might argue that the De Cliffords were a particularly useless family. They may be right; I do not argue the point, but simply repeat I die at one P.M., — that is to say, in about ten minutes. This

cigar will just last my time, and we shall probably go out together.

A VOICE (*without*). Julian, my boy! Julian!

JUL. Ah! that's Flighty's voice! a merry artist friend of mine over the way, who, not having a sixpence to bless himself with, gets blessed. I presume, from other sources; while I, who have spent thousands, retain nothing but the recollection of my folly. (*A fork is thrown in at window* L., *with a piece of paper attached;* JULIAN *picks it up.*) A note by our usual mode of intercommunication. (*Reads.*) "Mr. Augustus Flighty requests the pleasure of Mr. Julian de Clifford's company to a breakfast he is now giving as a farewell to his bachelor life." Married! Gus Flighty married! Well, I'm glad of it: he's a good little fellow. Let's see: I should like to make him some little wedding present in remembrance of me when I'm gone — that is, four minutes hence. My sketches! no: he'd think it an insult, because the dealer down-stairs offered me a larger price for them than he would for his. As if a De Clifford could stoop to *that!* I must find something; and I've no time to lose (*The clock strikes the four quarters;* JULIAN *speaks through them.*) Ah! there's the hour! (*Takes out a portrait, which he holds in his left hand, applying a pistol to his head with his right.*) Dearest Charlotte, my last thought was of you! (*knocking at the door* L.) What's that? a knock? down-stairs. I suppose. These noises are exceedingly tiresome. Luckily I'm leaving for a *very quiet neighborhood.* (*Knock, and voice of* KATHARINE *outside.*)

KATHARINE (*calling* L.). Mr. Julian!

JUL. Some one calling me!

KATH. (*without*). Now, don't pretend to be out, because I know you're not.

JUL. No, but I'm just going. (*Aside.*) It's a woman's voice.

KATH. Let me in: I sha'n't detain you long.

JUL. (*aside*). It's a *young* voice. Oh! one mustn't forget the amenities of life, even in one's last moments! besides, I can put it off for a little. I can go by the 1.20.

(*Opens the door* L., *and* KATHARINE *enters, plainly dressed, with a basket and a bundle.*)

A country girl!

KATH. Mr. Julian! oh! it is you yourself.

JUL. Your discrimination does you credit. It is I; and, it being I, what do you want with me, my dear?

KATH. Why, how you've grown in the last few years!

JUL. It is a foible incidental to youth; but, again may I ask what —

KATH. I knew you though, at a glance, for all that.

JUL. Oh! you know me? (*Aside.*) Who can she be?

KATH. Perhaps you'll tell me you're not nephew to your aunt Jones of Oatlands?

JUL. Oh! you come from Oatlands? (*Aside.*) One of the farm people, I dare say.

KATH. (R.). Yes; forty miles this morning! Oh! these railways make quick work; but I've had trouble enough to find you, and tired enough I am. (*Draws the chair down* C., *and sits, depositing her basket on the ground.*)

JUL. (L.). Ah! doubtless you were present at the death-bed of my poor aunt.

KATH. Poor dear aunt! yes, she called me her little nurse, and would take food from no other hand than mine.

JUL. I presume, then, it is on her account you have come to see me.

KATH. Dear me, no: I came upon my own.

JUL. Your own?

KATH. Of course! but good gracious, how is this? you don't seem to know me!

JUL. Well, my dear, my not immediately recognizing you can only be accounted for by the fact that I never saw you before.

KATH. That's good, come! (*rises*). Now, sir, look me full in the face. Do you mean to say you don't recollect little Kitty?

JUL. Oh, you're little Kitty! ah! that's very satisfactory. (*Aside.*) Now, who is little Kitty?

KATH. Still in the dark! well, sit down, and I'll brighten up your memory.

JUL. (*looking round the room, which contains but the chair on which she is seated*). Thank you: I'd sooner stand.

KATH. Nonsense! sit down, I insist.

JUL. Why, the fact is, I'm moving my lodgings, and so much of my furniture has already gone that —

KATH. Oh, I see! but there's a coal-scuttle; that'll do.

JUL. A coal-scuttle?

KATH. Of course; why not? however, *I'm* not so particular (*rising*).

JUL. By no means. Since it will oblige you — but — Good gracious! shades of my ancestors, look down and witness the last of the De Cliffords seated on a coal-scuttle! (*Brings down the coal-scuttle, on which he seats himself at her side*, L.)

KATH. There, that's cosey, isn't it?

JUL. To be sure — exceedingly — rather unsteady, and not particularly dignified; but, as you say, cosey.

KATH. Now, can't you recollect a nice little girl not higher than this, when a correspondingly nice little boy of fourteen found her starving under a hedge? she had been stolen, despoiled, and deserted by gypsies, when she must have died had not the nice little boy carried her in his arms home to his aunt, saying, "Aunt, you mustn't call me a little boy any more; for I am now a man, and this is to be my little daughter."

JUL. Ah! I remember now.

KATH. Then you have no need to be told that the nice little boy was called Julian de Clifford, and the nice little girl —

JUL. Katharine! my dear little Kitty! why, you've grown to be quite a woman!

KATH. Little girls must expect that, you know.

JUL. And such a *pretty* woman!

KATH. Great girls always expect *that*.

JUL. My familiarity does not offend you?

KATH. Why should it? who may be familiar if you may not? are you not my father?

JUL. Eh!

KATH. My adopted father?

JUL. Certainly; I quite forgot that. I may perhaps, then, in that sacred character, venture so far as to — D—n the coal-scuttle!

KATH. (*presenting her cheek*). Of course — it is your right. It might have come rather earlier from a father who hasn't seen his child for eight years. Are these your rooms? (*rising*).

JUL. Yes, dear, for want of better.

KATH. I'm sure you don't want any better.

JUL. (*gloomily*). I shall not — long.

KATH. I'm sure they're very nice, but dreadfully untidy. However, we'll soon put things in order.

JUL. It is quite unnecessary.

KATH. I beg your pardon: I'm not used to living in a mess.

JUL. Eh?

KATH. And, to begin, I must have all these trunks and lumber out of this closet.

JUL. Why?

KATH. Because it's to be my bedroom, of course. Dear me, it's in a terrible confusion.

JUL. (*aside*). Not more than I am.

KATH. It must be thoroughly cleaned out.

JUL. (*aside*). Not more than I am.

KATH. Yes, but I'll soon put matters straight.

JUL. (*aside*). I wish she would: they are very complicated at present. (*Aloud.*) Am I to understand you mean to stay here?

KATH. Where else but with my father?

JUL. Eh?

KATH. My adopted father.

JUL. True — I had forgotten again; but surely my aunt, with whom you were so great a favorite, cannot have forgotten you in her will, as she evidently has me. I can forgive her that, as a just reward of my ingratitude, follies, and extravagance; but to cast you upon the world, my poor child, without fortune, friends, or home —

KATH. Do you reckon yourself as nothing, then, or think that where a father is, a daughter cannot find or make a home? Besides, I shall be no expense: I can live on very little.

JUL. (*aside*). How shall I break to her that I have not even the little she requires? that, but for her, I should have already started on my cold, long journey!

KATH. (*half overhearing*). A journey! did you say a journey?

JUL. Did I say a journey? Well — yes — I was about to set off when you came in.

KATH. Well, now I'm here, you'll take me with you, won't you?

JUL. Heaven forbid!

KATH. Is it so very far, then?

JUL. Very far.

KATH. And may I be so bold as to ask where?

JUL. You may — but I cannot be so bold as answer; that is, it is a secret.

KATH. And while you are absent, what's to become of me?

JUL. Of you? True, *what*, indeed! (*Aside.*) How selfish is misery! I must not leave her friendless and alone! (*Aloud.*) Well, for your sake I'll put it off for a day or two.

KATH. Oh, how kind! what a good, dutiful papa I shall have!

JUL. Eh?

KATH. Adopted papa.

JUL. True: I was forgetting again.

KATH. Meantime let's get this place into order. Bless me! what a state the carpet is in! and that litter of papers under the writing-table, it looks as if it hadn't been swept for a month; but you have a broom, I suppose.

JUL. A broom! I dare say — I don't know.

KATH. (*takes out a handbroom and dustpan from cupboard*, L. F.). Of course: here, now set to work, while I put things in their place a little (*thrusts them into his hands*).

JUL. What am I to do with these?

KATH. Only kneel down, and carefully brush that litter into the dustpan.

JUL. (*gravely*). I would do much to oblige you, — very much; but the De Cliffords never swept rooms, or knew any thing about dustpans.

KATH. Probably not; but if our ancestors were as wise as we, where would be the advance of the age, you know?

JUL. I submit (*kneels down*). Only, if the shade of the first De Clifford *should* be looking down upon me now —

KATH. Well?

JUL. The venerable warrior would be rather disgusted, that's all.

KATH. There — that's better! (*She has put the room in order, and is surveying him.*) Very good — very promising for a beginner! Empty them into the dust-bin.

JUL. Eh?

KATH. The dust-bin — there!

JUL. Oh, I beg pardon! (*Puts brush, etc., into cupboard.*)

KATH. And now, let me tell you, I begin to feel rather hungry.

JUL. I knew it, I knew she would! It is an odd thing, a person can't pass a few days in agreeable society without feeling hungry!

KATH. I only took a slice of bread and a cup of coffee

when I left Oatlands this morning; so I may almost say I have not breakfasted.

JUL. And, by a singular coincidence, so may I.

KATH. That's capital; suppose we breakfast together, then.

JUL. Exactly—*suppose* we breakfast together. (*Aside.*) Supposition isn't expensive, and it's about all I can afford! Luckily there is one chair left; but they take such a long time to cook, and how am I to get it away?

KATH. (*has been taking the contents of her basket, and laying the table*). I've not come empty-handed, you see. There's a loaf of my own baking, a pat of butter of my own churning, and a nice piece of home-cured bacon. What do you think of my present?

JUL. I am thinking of her future.

KATH. Come, bustle about!

JUL. I—bustle about?

KATH. To be sure,—a fair division of labor. You lay the fire, and I'll lay the breakfast things; here's the wood; now be brisk (*gives him a bundle of wood from cupboard*).

JUL. No—excuse me—I really don't remember a case—

KATH. A case?

JUL. Of a De Clifford lighting his own fire—unless, indeed, it was a war beacon.

KATH. Fancy it a war beacon, or a town you are reducing to ashes—only make it so as it will boil the kettle! Stay! no, that's not right: you must not put the bundle in all of a lump! Besides, you want some paper; may I take this? (*seeing pistols on table.*) Ugh! what are these? a pair of pistols?

JUL. Take care, they're loaded! (*She gives him paper, and he lights the fire.*)

KATH. Your intended travelling companions, I suppose.

JUL. (*embarrassed*). Yes, they were for my journey.

KATH. And couldn't you travel without them?

JUL. Not the road I was taking.

KATH. You may think me a little coward, but I can't bear the sight of fire-arms; so, now your going is postponed, you must promise me to lay them aside.

JUL. There, you see I do (*putting them into case*).

KATH. And you will take care they shall do you no injury? An accident so soon happens.

JUL. Well, I promise.

KATH. Now attend to the fire, while I put my room tidy, and get your breakfast things. [*Exit*, L. C. D.

JUL. (*solus*). If any one this morning had foretold that I, De Clifford, in two hours time should be boiling a kettle, having previously swept a room, I should have kicked the prophet without the slightest hesitation; yet the bare request of a little country girl has transformed me into a maid-of-all-work! It is singular that the only good action I ever did should rise up to embarrass my last moments — that kettle's singing! But for her arrival, I should have slipped off, in debt with no one, under obligation to no one, and died as becomes a De Clifford — it's beginning to boil! But for her, I should have escaped this humiliation; and the worst of it is, she has so far weakened my self-respect, that I'm afraid I almost begin to think it good fun!

VOICE (*outside*). Now, then, Julian, breakfast.

OTHER VOICES. Come on, there's a good fellow!

JUL. Gracious! there's Flighty's breakfast-party — I forgot that! (*Goes to window, and opens it; voices more distinct.*)

VOICE. Come over: we're waiting.

JUL. Gentlemen, I know you'll excuse me, but I'm detained in-doors just now by a particular engagement.

VOICES. Ha, ha! we understand.

VOICE. Bring the particular engagement with you: we shall be delighted, I'm sure!

JUL. You're quite mistaken. The fact is, I don't feel very well just now, and —

VOICE. Poor fellow! poor invalid! ha, ha!

JUL. I'll endeavor to look in, in the course of the morning.

VOICE That's right! make an effort — interesting convalescent!

VOICES. Ha, ha! (JULIAN *closes the window, and the voices are drowned.*)

Re-enter KATHARINE, *with cups and saucers, etc.*

KATH. Oh, you're improving rapidly! (*They lay breakfast things, etc.*) Now to breakfast; sit down! (*sits*, L. C.) Oh, I forgot; you have no chair!

JUL. (*gayly*). No chair? what do you call this? (*Fetches a trunk from lumber-room, and sits on it at table*, R. C., *cutting bread and butter.*)

KATH. Yes, you certainly are improving! What do you think of my breakfast?

JUL. (*eating heartily*). Delicious! I never enjoyed bread and butter so much before! Why, you're quite a little fairy! I'll take another cup. What a flavor this tea has! where did you procure it?

KATH. From your canister, of course.

JUL. Impossible! why, mine was beastly stuff!

KATH. Perhaps because the water didn't boil; or, perhaps, which is more likely, you had not earned the right to appreciate the flavor you commend. Oh, we shall have to work, I can tell you, if we wish to live!

JUL. But if we don't wish to live, Kate?

KATH. We are not fit to die, Julian. Now let us reckon up our resources.

JUL. That process will not be a tedious one.

KATH. To begin — are you in debt?

JUL. To *be* in debt, is to *have been* a beggar: I am a gentleman.

KATH. Good! then with a little patience and perseverance, we shall get on capitally.

JUL. (*pacing the stage*). A pleasant prospect, truly. And you would have me tuck up my sleeves, and work like a plough-boy?

KATH. No: you may work like a gentleman if you like. Oh! many have, and do, of as great a family as yours.

JUL. Poor devils! Yes; and I do not envy them the meanness which permits them to sacrifice their pride for so poor a boon as a life of poverty.

KATH. They have exchanged it for a nobler and loftier pride than any the longest line of ancestry can warrant,—for the pride of duty well performed, the only pride that adversary cannot humble, or time decay.

JUL. It may be just as you say, but to me it seems easier to die than to submit.

KATH. And so vindicate yourself as a gentleman, by proving yourself a coward?

JUL. A coward! (*crosses to* L.)

KATH. Surely: he who basely deserts the post assigned to him, and runs away from life's great battle-field for fear of a few blows, is a coward — and worse — he is a traitor! (*crosses to* L.)

JUL. Dear me! I never viewed it that way. But if I

wished to work, how am I to set about it? To be sure, there is a cobbler's stall to let in the next street, but in that branch of art my education has been so sadly neglected —

KATH. Well, if you can't mend shoes, I see you can paint pictures. These are yours, are they not? (*looking at portfolio.*)

JUL. A few sketches I knocked off at different times in Flighty's studio for my own amusement.

KATH. And why not for the amusement of others? This, now, I dare say is worth five shillings.

JUL. Five shillings! Old Thompson down-stairs offered me a sovereign for it yesterday (*aside*). Curse his impudence!

KATH. There, you see, we are rich at once (*turning over the sketches*). Ha! here's Oatlands — and the line of elms, and — yes, there's my bedroom window! You've not forgotten the old place, then?

JUL. Forgotten Oatlands? There's not a room or passage of it but is instinct with memories! When I began that sketch, I thought the original was to have been, in time, my own. But that is past — let me tear it up.

KATH. Not at all: you'll set to work at once, and finish it. Here, sit down (*sits him down to table*). Here are your chalks; go to work at once; I'll take no denial. See, I set you a good example; I've brought my work with me; and as to Oatlands, who knows it may not yet be yours?

JUL. I — mine? (KATE *has sat down on the trunk by the fireplace, with her work, which she has taken from basket.*)

KATH. (*embarrassed*). I mean that — that it may be for sale.

JUL. And you'd have me buy it? silly little thing!

KATH. Why not? Artists *have* made fortunes, and perseverance will do much.

JUL. (*working hard*). Oh, if it were only perseverance! But — (*throws down pencil*) this is folly! Besides, if I had it, how could I endure the associations that now cling to it, and invest the old house with the chilly solitude of a tomb?

KATH. Perhaps, if you were alone. But — with — with a companion who should restore it to sunshine — a companion whom you loved, who — for I suppose you'll marry some day —

JUL. (*with animation*). True — with a companion — Charlotte, perhaps!

step which I must at once retrace. It is alike needful for your honor and for mine that we part.

JUL. (*aside*). She is right. What may not Charlotte think?

KATH. You agree with me?

JUL. Alas, I must. It seems hard to part with you, but we must not despair; meantime I expect to hear from you every day, and perhaps a time may come when you may return to me without impropriety.

KATH. How?

JUL. Yes — if, yes, as you hinted — and it's not unlikely *now*, if I were to marry —

KATH. Ah, true, — if you were to marry —

JUL. It was your own suggestion, you know. Why, how pale you look! you are not well!

KATH. Nothing — my morning's walk, perhaps — you know I was early, and — (*faintly*).

JUL. True — well, go in and lie down a while. We'll talk the matter over when you have rested; and this afternoon, if you are well enough and wish it, you can set off for Oatlands.

KATH. Yes, this afternoon, as you say. (*He kisses her.*) (*Aside.*) No delay — at once — and *for ever*.

[*Exit*, R. C. D.

JUL (*solus*). If I were not already an engaged man, — engaged, too, to the most constant, disinterested, and devoted of her sex, — I should be in marvellous peril of falling desperately in love with that little girl. But then I'm so much older than she is — no, not so much, either — and she will persist in looking upon me in such a terribly paternal light that — Pshaw! besides, I happen to *be* already engaged to the most constant, disinterested, and devoted of her sex. Bless my soul, I quite forgot the letter the postman gave me in Thompson's shop (*taking up letter*). As I don't owe any thing, and can't lend any thing, my correspondence is not voluminous. Let's see. Ah, Flighty's hand! the fellow's getting ceremonious on the eve of marriage — given up the window for the post. (*Reads.*) "I know you're the best fellow in the world. I want you to be the 'best man' at my wedding. You know the lady, I think. We met her at the Crankum's, last summer, — Charlotte Granger (*throws down letter and paces stage angrily*). Charlotte Granger! *My* Charlotte! the most constant, devoted, and disinterested

of her sex! Shall my hopes be thus ruthlessly blighted? Shall I tamely submit to see my fairest dreams — (*suddenly adopting a rational tone*). Somehow it won't do. I don't know why, but I can't work myself up into the proper state of fury and despair. Two hours back I should have blown my brains out, having, of course, previously blown out *his*, but *now*, though I'm quite conscious of being deeply wounded in the tenderest part, by some strange perversion of feeling, I rather like the sensation (*laughter heard without*). Laugh away, my fine fellows. Perhaps this will quicken your merriment. You've taken the *original*, permit me to present you with a copy! (*opens window, and dashes the miniature into that opposite — a crash of glass*).

VOICE. Halloa! I say!

JUL. A little wedding present, that's all. He looks at it — he's savage — that's capital! He menaces me — he can scarcely speak for rage. What do you say? Satisfaction! oh, certainly — any quantity, anywhere you like (*shuts window, and comes down*). I'm so happy, I'd fight any one who asked me. Stay, though, am I sure of her affection? She's here!

Re-enter KATHARINE, *a letter in her hand, with bundle, as in her first entrance.*

KATH. You see I am quite recovered, and ready to set off.

JUL. That letter!

KATH. It is the promised explanation. You may read it an hour hence, when I am gone.

JUL. You *will* go, then?

KATH. Was it not your own advice?

JUL. True; but, as *you* said just now, much has passed since then. I, like you, have reflected, and — and — in short, I promised you a time might come when I could ask you without impropriety to remain.

KATH. When you were married? you are about, then —

JUL. On one condition — that you will be my wife.

KATH. I? Do I hear aright? (*staggering to chair*). And Charlotte —

JUL. A feverish dream of my ill-spent life's delirium. You are the bright reality that greets my waking. I am no longer poor, since you have taught me I can work. I no longer wish to die, since you have taught me how to live.

Will you desert the patient your art has restored? You do not answer, dearest Kate.

KATH. (*laying her head on his breast*). You may read that letter *now*.

JUL. (*reading*). "Pardon the indiscretion, the sad error, of which I have been guilty. I am, despite my urgent and repeated remonstrances, the inheritress of your aunt's fortune. But, rendered partly sensible of the injustice she was doing you, her last request was, that I should seek you out, and, if you still retained your old affection for me, our interests should be united by marriage. I have complied, and bitterly have I paid the penalty. Oatlands shall yet be yours. Forgive the vanity that bade me hope you would ever share it with me." Why Kate, dearest, then you loved me all this while?

KATH. I have loved you all my life.

JUL. That's capital! it only remains, then, to pack up at once for Oatlands; and to-morrow I consecrate to your service the new life you have given me.

KATH. Have you considered whether your great and high-born friends will approve?

JUL. Our greatest friends, dearest Kate, are *here*, around us. It is on their approval we depend to insure the happiness of our little "HOUSEHOLD FAIRY."

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